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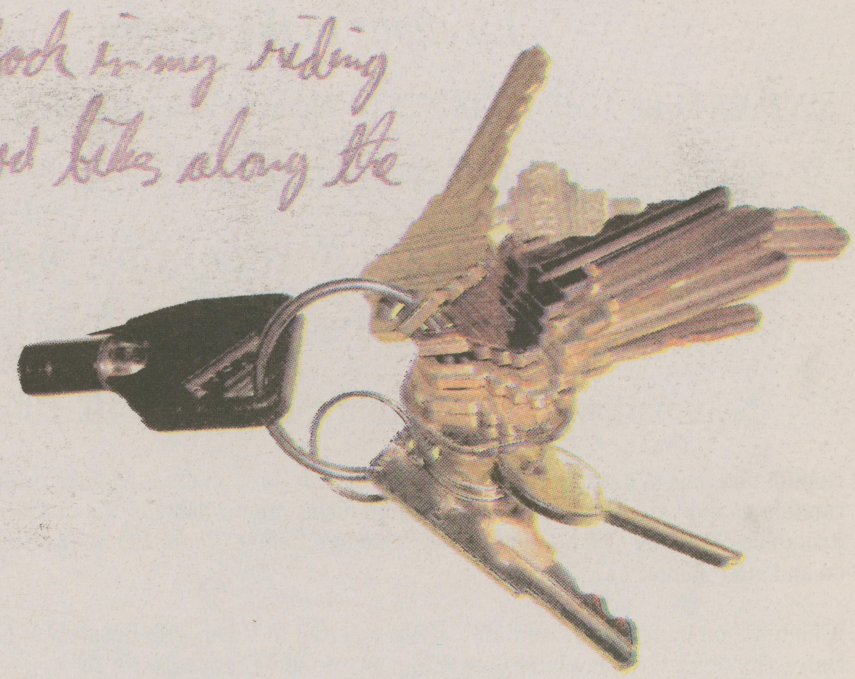
Martlet
january 16th, 2003 [55.19]

03-02059 to the west of you pulled over

I managed to make it past that clusterfuck of a traffic jam & I'm scoffing down some real fine dining. God Bless Taco Bell. I'm about an hour from home, out of the snow & back in my riding territory. I passed a few road bikes along the way. Fucking roadies.



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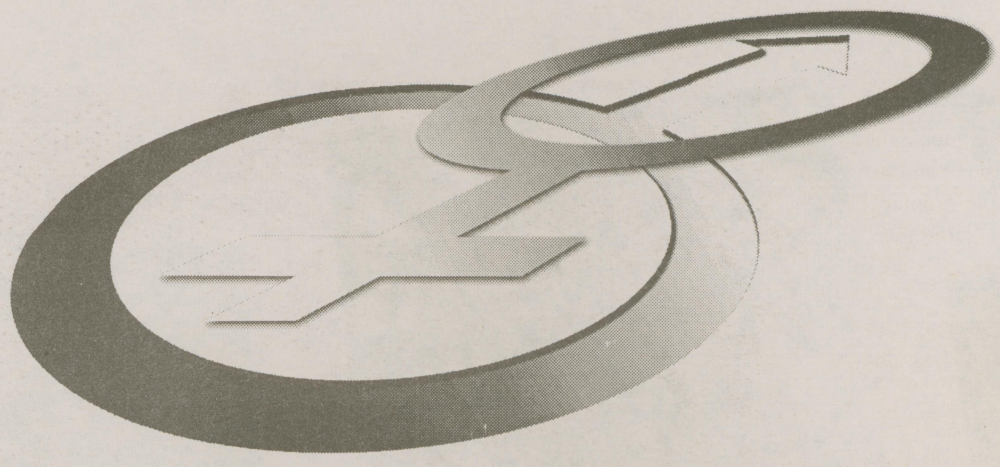
Survey examines future of transgender healthcare in B.C.

by Zoë Bake-Paterson

A province-wide survey envisions the future of B.C.'s health services related to gender transition and crossdressing. Conducted by a coalition of transgender groups, and working in partnership with the Vancouver Coastal Health Authority (VCHA), the survey includes the responses of 180 people, who are either transgendered, friends and family of transgendered or working in the healthcare sector.

"The survey and VCHA's consultation with the community hold much promise for rebuilding and improving transgender care in B.C.," said Donna Lindenberg of Transcend Transgender Support and Education Society, one of several transgender organizations involved in the re-visioning process.



The survey attempts to redesign the future of specialized gender health services following government cuts to health care in May 2002, which resulted in the closure of the Gender Dysphoria Program, or the Gender Clinic, as it's commonly called. The closure of the Vancouver clinic, one of only three gender clinics in Canada, resulted in the immediate loss of many specialized medical and counseling services offered to 500 transgender people.

Seventy-two per cent of the survey's respondents experienced problems in accessing health care for transgender people, rendering this loss of services devastating to the transgender community, according to members of transgender support groups.

Created in September 2002, the survey is unique because, rather than question whether or not specialized services were essential for transgendered people, it asked people to be part of a community consultation and to imagine what an ideal health service would look like.

"Previous surveys showed what kinds of services people needed," said Joshua Goldberg, also of Transcend. "We wanted to give people a chance to dream, to think about their own situation."

Survey respondents made it clear there is need for a flexible model. Though there was support for a centralized transgender health service, Goldberg said they are not looking to recreate the former Gender Clinic in Vancouver. A blended model with a centralized service and decentralized "pods" of qualified health care was favoured to provide access throughout the province.

"There are lots of exciting options," said Goldberg. "We want people to be able to learn all the options and be able to choose which road will work best."

Respondents also favoured adopting the Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association's standards, which identify what constitute essential medical transition services, including diagnosis and assessment by a mental health professional, hormone therapy, various types of surgery and electrolysis.

A B.C.-wide Transsexual/Transgendered Needs Assessment Survey in 1998 also listed peer-support groups, employment services, weight loss/gain, and lifestyle services in the top 10 services needed.

There has been much debate over what services are essential in transgender health, Goldberg said. While the general public usually sees transgender support as optional, he stresses it's not.

"The need is so desperate, people were willing to give up their job, house, and support network to go where they could access services," said Goldberg. "People lied about their lives because they were so desperate to get into the [former Gender Clinic]."

A former nurse from Vancouver's downtown Eastside, who wanted to remain anonymous, agreed transgender health issues can be difficult to define.

"In my experience, people often believe that gender re-assignment will fix everything, but it doesn't always," he said.

VCHA will release plans for implementing a new service in April 2003.

Glossary of tranny terms

Martlet writer Zoë Bake-Paterson compiled a primer for those unschooled in tranny terminology. This will be the last time we tell you people. Take notes.

Transgendered - a person who has a gender identity that is different than their birth sex, and/or expresses their gender in ways that contravene societal expectations of the range of possibilities for men and women. Some transgendered people identify as men or women, while others have an identity that is not as simple as man or woman. This umbrella term may include crossdressers, drag kings/queens, transsexuals, people who are androgynous, Two-spirit people, and people who are bi-gendered or multi-gendered. Transgender communities include non-transgendered partners, family members, friends, and other loved ones who may also need specialized gender services (e.g. counseling).

Crossdressing - refers to wearing clothing that is considered appropriate for the "opposite" gender. Crossdressers may crossdress occasionally or frequently, and their gender identity may or may not change when they are crossdressed.

Transsexual - a person whose sexual identity is opposite to their assignment at birth. Not all TS folks undergo complete reassignment surgery, but may under go hormone therapy.

Gender transition - refers to a change in the way a person presents themselves in their social environment and daily life - for example, from living as a woman to living as a man, or from presenting as uni-gendered to presenting as bi- or multi gendered.

FTM - Female-to-male transsexual person.

MTF - Male-to-female transsexual person.

U.V.S.S. and G.S.S. MEMBERS

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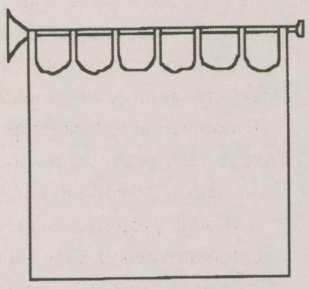

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

Elections to the Senate

SIXTEEN FULL TIME STUDENTS (including at least one student from each Faculty – 1 year term)

ONE PART-TIME STUDENT (1 year term)

Elections to the Board of Governors

TWO FULL TIME STUDENTS (1 year term)

Nominations Close Monday, February 10, 2003

Nomination papers must be signed by no fewer than three students eligible to vote, other than the candidate, and by the candidate. Nomination forms are available in Room 410, Business & Economics Building or from the Student Resource Centre, Room 103, in the Student Union Building on and after January 17, 2003.

A nomination paper is not valid unless it is received in Room 410, Business & Economics Building, University of Victoria, not later than 4:30 p.m., Monday, February 10, 2003.

Important notice – all voting for students to the Senate and Board will be processed via the web-vote system. There will not be paper ballots available for this election.

Sheila Sheldon Collyer
University Secretary

Dated this 17th January, 2003
Office of the University Secretary

approved for Posting
until February 10, 2003
GSS/UVSS/SUB

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Students tree-sit to protest campus clearcuts

UVic admin say they won't interfere just yet

by Jeff Andrew

photo by Jeff Andrew

An ivory tower it ain't: Environmental studies student Stacie looks down from her platform. Student protesters say they will stay in the trees until UVic administration establishes a covenent protecting greenspace on campus.

Inside Cunningham Woods, 30 feet above the forest floor, a group of UVic students have begun a tree-sit in an old-growth arbutus tree. Their goal: nothing less than the permanent protection of all greenspaces on campus, including Mystic Vale, the Garry Oak Meadows and what remains of Cunningham Woods.

"What we want to see is a covenant protecting the greenspaces," said Maurita Prato, a spokesperson for the group. "We want the planning process open to students and community, and we want it to be participatory and inclusive."

Cunningham Woods, located between the Cunningham and Engineering Buildings, is the last forested area within Ring Road. A section of the forest was clearcut in late December to make way for construction of the new Island Medical Facilities building.

The protest officially began on Monday, Jan. 13, when the first tree-sitter climbed to her perch. Stacie, a third-year environmental restoration student who declined to give her last name, said she expects to be relieved as more volunteers materialize, but is prepared to stay for as long as it takes.

"Personally, I have as much time as necessary," said Stacie, who spent the morning setting up supplies on the four-by-eight-foot platform and conducting interviews on a cellphone. "I'm having a great time so far."

Prato, a third-year political science student and Outward Bound wilderness instructor, will be training all sitters in the art of tree climbing. The group is also planning public workshops on tree climbing and non-violent civil disobedience, as well as an "ivy pull" to remove some of the invasive species choking the forest floor.

Ingmar Lee, another spokesperson for the group, insists they are not against campus development, but believe it should take place on lawns and parking lots rather than ecologically sensitive areas.

"We're fed up with the university mowing down forests," said Lee, a fourth-year Asian studies student and representative to the Board of Governors. "We just don't want to see any more forests cut down."

Along with the covenant, Lee said the group wants to see some sort of restoration project begun to maintain and care for UVic's wooded areas. He offered the presence of the ivy – a foreign, invasive species that can wreak havoc on a forest's soil – as an example of the neglect that has plagued UVic's forests.

Construction of the platform was completed late Sunday night and by noon on Monday it had already begun to attract attention. Along with reporters from the *Times Colonist* and the New VI, assistant director of facilities management Dick Chappell and assistant director of campus security Ken Marrison paid a visit to the site. They asked about safety precautions for the tree-sitters, and made their presence known.

"We'll be keeping an eye on you," said Marrison.

Although both men refused to comment for *the Martlet*, they got an earful from Lee.

"We've been insulted, abused and ignored, and we're fed up with it," said Lee. He pointed out the ivy covering the ground, adding: "Nobody gives a damn about this place."

Later that day, in a letter addressed to Lee, Marrison told the group campus security will be monitoring the protesters' actions, but will not force them to leave just yet. But should the situation "change or persist beyond a reasonable time," the university will not hesitate to take such legal action, said Marrison.

Both Prato and Lee insist the tree-sit was a last resort, undertaken only after exhausting all other options.

"Throughout the year we've had protests, petitions, we've offered alternatives, and it's all been ignored," said Prato. "Now, they've chopped 10 per cent of our forests. We felt direct action was the next step."

Lee concurred, adding that the protest is meant as a peaceful demonstration to draw media attention.

"Tree-sitting is a very respected technique for protecting forests when due process has failed," he said. "Julia Butterfly Hill, the world's most famous tree sitter, filled the Farquhar auditorium last year. People were walking out in tears."

Hill, who spent two years atop a 200-foot redwood cedar in California to prevent it from being logged, has provided much of the inspiration for the UVic tree-sit. Her vision of ecological sustainability is in line with that of Prato, who wants the university to start living up to its potential as an environmental leader.

"The university is cutting edge in its ecological programs," she said. "It has an environmental studies program and an environmental restoration program, which are widely respected. We feel that it should also be cutting edge in its planning and retaining of ecological spaces."

Though protesters will not likely match Butterfly Hill's two-year stint in a redwood, they could be up in the arbutus for a while. The planning process to cut down part of Cunningham Woods took half a year, making it unlikely the administration will come to any decisions on further cutting in the near future.

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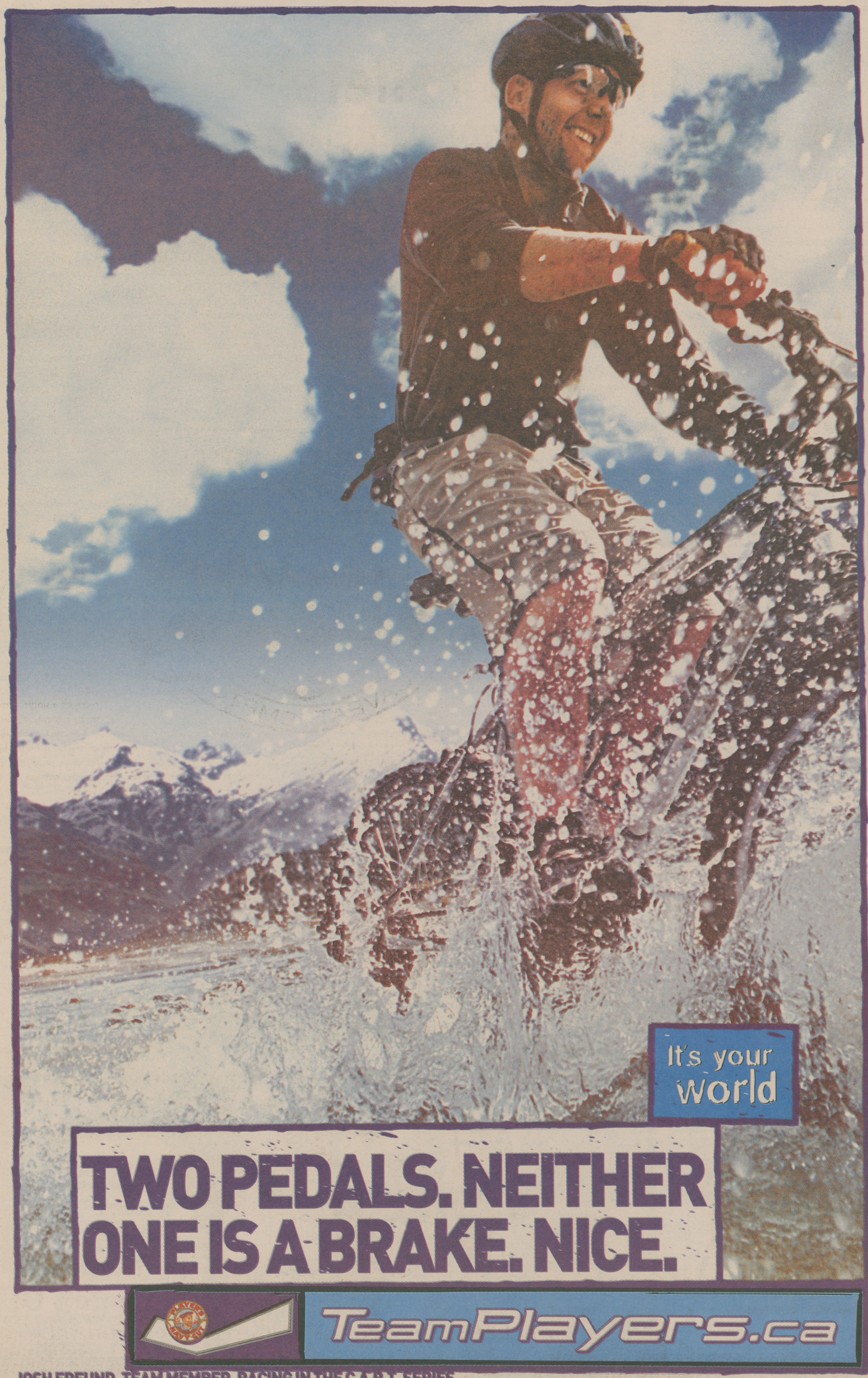


JOSH FREUND, TEAM MEMBER, RACING IN THE C.A.R.T. SERIES.

UVic's highest rollers:

Who's making the big bucks and why. *Martlet* reporter dishes the dirt on the university's highest paid employees

And the envelope please....

$252,250 - David Turpin, university president

$160,321- Penelope Codding, chemistry (former VP academic and provost)

$147,781 - William Neilson, director of the Centre for Asia-Pacific Initiatives

$147,511 - James Cassels, vice president academic & provost

$144,818 - David Strong, former university president (retired)

$141,891 - Jack Falk, vice president finance and operations

$141,651 - Martin Taylor, vice president research

$131,682 - Roger Wolff, former dean of businesss

$129,674 - Sandra McCallum, professor of law emeritus

$128,269 - Neena Chappell, former director of Centre on Aging

$128,173 - Andrew Weaver, earth and ocean sciences

$127,158 - Michael Miller, dean of engineering

$126,254 - Verner Paetkau, dean of science

$124,820 - Colin Wood, geography (retired)

$124,680 - John McLaren, law

$121,996 - Mary Anne Waldron, associate vice president legal affairs

$121,200 - John Schofield, dean of social sciences

$120,732 - Eric Manning, engineering

$120,541 - Harold Coward, director of Centre for Studies in Religion and Society (retired)

$120,000 - James Griffith, vice president, development and external relations (retired)

$119,534 - Patrick Grant, English

$118,945 - Sadik Dost, chair mechanical engineering

$118,770 - Maureen Maloney, director Institute for Dispute Resolution

$118,562 - Hans Muller, engineering

$118,075 - Christopher Barnes, earth and ocean science

$117,757 - Craig Pinder, acting dean

$117,612 - Gordana Lazarevich, former dean of graduate studies (retired)

$117,548 - David Hultsch, director Centre on Aging

$117,250 - Timothy Walzak, president and CEO Innovation and Development Corporation

$116,562 - Jon Muzio, computer science

$116,523 - Frances Rose, McPherson Library

$115,341 - Anthony Welch, executive director of international affairs

$115,161 - Terence Gough, chemistry

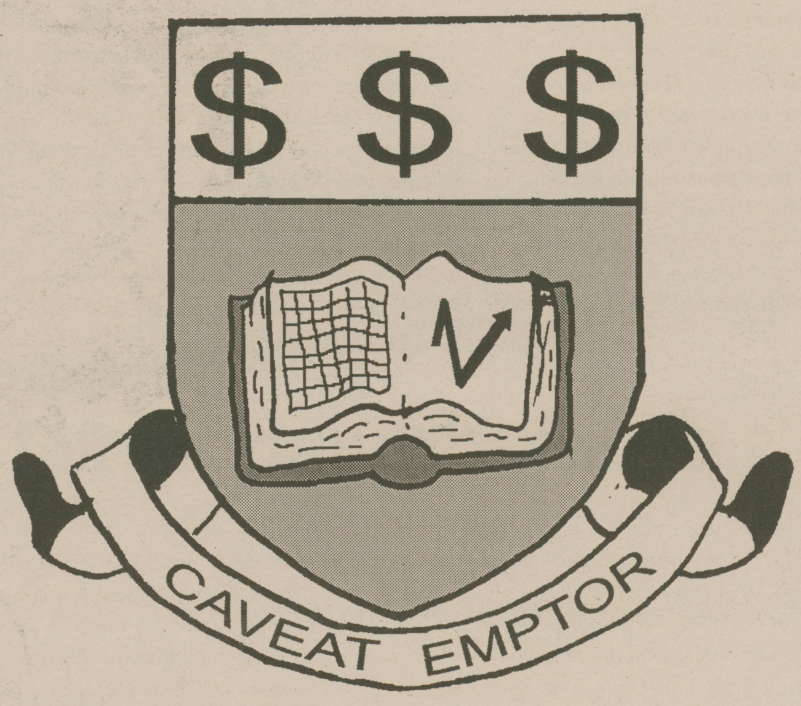
$112,427 - James Cutt, public administration

$112,397 - Vijay Bhargava, electrical & computer engineering

From the Schedule of Emploees' Remuneration and Expenses, Year Ended March 31, 2002
(Figures do not include reimbursement of work related expenses)

by John Thompson

With recent news of tuition fees increasing yet again, *the Martlet* thought it would be timely to pore over the university payroll. We wanted to find out who the top earners at UVic are, and exactly how much cash (read: bling bling) they rake in.



The university's *Schedule of Employee's Remuneration and Expenses* is a public document, although it isn't the easiest one to get your hands on. Usually, Accounting Services will have you shell out five bucks for a copy. Thankfully, Bruce Kilpatrick, director of UVic communications, passed a copy our way for free. (According to the document, Kilpatrick made $84,352 last fiscal year – so if he did scalp our copy, I suppose he'd have some explaining to do.)

Because the numbers here are from the last fiscal year, ending March 31, 2002, none of the figures here are current – but a new document probably won't be released until sometime next fall.

University president David Turpin comes in first, with a salary of $252,250. That includes his allowance for housing ($40,000) and car ($10,000). What it doesn't include are Turpin's reimbursements for work related expenses ($28,272).

Some surprises: Among the top earners at UVic last fiscal year was David Strong, who retired as president two years ago. While he hasn't taught since, he still earned $144,818.

As Kilpatrick explained, the 10 years Strong served as president banked him two years of administrative leave: "When you've been a senior administrator for at least five years, you're entitled to a year's administrative leave when your position is over."

"It allows you to get back up to speed in your discipline," Kilpatrick said.

Strong remains on faculty this year, but he is currently on leave without pay.

The salaries of some high-rollers are particularly high because the fiscal year captures a blend of administrative and scholarly salaries. Penelope Codding, who made $160,321, served as VP academic and provost for four months during the 2001-02 fiscal year. The position was taken over after July 31 by Jamie Cassels ($147,511), who was formerly the dean of law.

The game of musical chairs that academics play made determining each player's current role a challenge. Some, like Neena Chappell ($128,269) and Andrew Weaver ($128,173) also hold Canada Research Chair positions. Kilpatrick said their salaries reflect the fact they're internationally respected scholars.

Other high salaries, like that of librarian Frances Rose ($116,523), are inflated because of early retirement packages, Kilpatrick said. "They received a single, lump-sum payment," he said.

Kilpatrick also fielded several unsubstantiated rumours, since *the Martlet* was determined to get its money's worth.

For instance: We heard a third-hand rumour that, when Turpin moved from Ontario to take his position at UVic, his wife's business in Kingston was bought by the university. The sort of business she ran was unclear – it could have been a shoe store.

"She was working at Queen's University," said Kilpatrick, "and no, she wasn't..." At which point, he burst into laughter.

"There goes the urban myth," he added.

(John Thompson makes approximately $2,750 per year as a Martlet *news editor, but he does it for the love.)*

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Ratifying Kyoto will be a challenge, says Environment Minister

by Tim Lindsey

Though the Kyoto protocol is flawed, Canada needs to work with it, said Environment Minister David Anderson during a panel discussion with UVic scientists and researchers last Thursday, Jan. 9.

"I'm quite willing to admit that there are many flaws in the Kyoto process, there are many flaws in the agreement," said Anderson. "Nevertheless, that's what the world has come up with after many years of discussion, many years of very intense consultations and negotiations, and that is what we have to work with."

Ratified by Canada in Dec. 2002, the Kyoto protocol is an international agreement designed to reduce the greenhouse gas emissions believed by most scientists to be contributing to climate change. Anderson directed his speech to critics who argue Canada should not have signed onto the Kyoto agreement because it does not apply to developing countries, has not been signed by the United States and would be too costly.

It is very important for developing countries to play a role in preventing climate change, said Anderson, but it is logical for them to insist that the developed countries overwhelmingly responsible for climate change take the lead.

"I believe that we will get a response from [developing countries] and, if we don't, there are always trade measures to make sure that happens. People throw up their hands and say the [World Trade Organization] would never agree to that, but I'm sure the WTO would agree to that if in fact we have further proof of climate change affecting the world as adversely as the scientific community believes," said Anderson.

Addressing the costs of Kyoto, Anderson says Canada's GDP will still grow by 99.5 per cent of what would otherwise occur in the next 10 years. Employment will still increase by 1.25 million jobs, just 60,000 less than the approximately 1.3 million jobs that would be created otherwise, he said.

Even worries about the consequences of signing the Kyoto agreement on the Canadian oil and gas industry have been unwarranted, said Anderson.

"To no avail, I pointed out the plan said we expected a tripling of oil sands production in the next decade and a quadrupling of offshore oil and gas from Atlantic Canada," he said.

But can Canada and other countries reduce greenhouse gas emissions while seeking a flourishing fossil fuel industry at the same time? Panelists attempted to answer this question.

"The emissions targets that have been set for the Kyoto Accord can probably not be met with the measures that have been proposed, and in fact those targets themselves are probably insufficient," said Ned Djilali, executive director of the Institute for Integrated Energy Systems and fuel cell researcher at UVic. "There is only one way to meet radical targets, which would address environmental concerns, and that would be an overhaul of our energy system."

Djilali said the only possible short-term solution lies in fuel cell technology and various forms of renewable energy. He said Canada's current problem is a lack of means to use renewable energy to power the transportation system, which relies almost exclusively on fossil fuels. The emissions that come out of the tailpipes of vehicles account for a quarter of Canada's emissions, he said, and transportation in general accounts for over a third of Canada's emissions.

"If you want to really address emissions, you have to address the sector of transportation," said Djilali.

Canada's proposed actions would reduce 21 million tonnes of the 250 million tonnes of reductions required by the Kyoto protocol, said Djilali.

"That's woefully inadequate for a sector that accounts for most of the problems."

The development of hydrogen as a fuel source also faces challenges, said Djilali, because of what he called the "chicken-and-egg dilemma." Fuel cell vehicles won't be commercialized until hydrogen is available, but hydrogen won't be available until there is a market for it. We need to build the hydrogen infrastructure, accelerate the pace of fuel cell development and force the government to take a proactive role, he said.

Panelist Dr. Peter Kennedy, who discussed the economics of Kyoto, said education campaigns tend to preach to the converted.

"The people we need to preach to are those who are not listening to education campaigns, and the only way to target those people is through their pocketbook, and that is to put a price on the energy and gasoline that they consume." Kennedy said policies that increase gas prices would need to be made in conjunction with policies to compensate the poor.

"In my view the greatest opportunity here is to shift our entire tax system away from taxation of investment and employment and towards the taxation of things that damage the environment, including but not limited to greenhouse gases."

But Anderson said making environmental policies of this sort can be "a little grubby around the edges."

Panelist Dr. Steve Lonergan, a geography professor at UVic, agreed.

"I think that many of the constraints we're looking at towards greenhouse gas emission reductions are not scientific and they're not technological: they're political," said Lonergan.

Campbell's drunk driving arrest: UVic students respond

by Robin Platts

Premier Gordon Campbell's arrest for drunk driving last week elicited a mixed response from UVic students, based on interviews conducted Monday. While some students are calling for his resignation, others are sympathetic to his situation.

"I think it's pretty ironic," said UVic Students' Society (UVSS) chair Michelle Kinney, "in a province like B.C., where we do a lot around drinking and driving counterattack. I think it shows a lot of irresponsibility on his behalf, and quite a lot of arrogance as well."

Kinney said she has "mixed feelings" regarding whether Campbell should resign. "I do think it will impact his political career a lot. And I think it will do a lot to harm his support in B.C."

Campbell was held for eight hours in a Hawaiian jail last week after he was arrested for impaired driving. In a Jan. 12 press conference the Premier said he will consult with professionals to determine whether he has a drinking problem but will not resign from his post as premier.

Some hope the Premier will be humbled by his experience.

"I just think that Gordon Campbell, while he asks for forgiveness from the people of British Columbia, has shown little forgiveness for people and the plight that they often find themselves in," said Andrea Mears of the Vancouver Island Public Interest Research Group. "It's very bold of him to ask the people of B.C. to help him at this time. But, if his party feels that he should remain leader and they feel that someone who threatens people's lives, drives while drunk and admits to speeding while driving drunk... then that's a decision they make. And the people of B.C. will have to decide in the next election if that's the kind of leader that they want for the province."

Like the many journalists who grilled the Premier at a press conference last Sunday, Aspen Viets, a third-year nursing student, wondered about Campbell's other alcoholic tendencies.

"What other impaired decisions has he made in the driver's seat of British Columbia? That's the only thing I want to ask," said Viets.

She also thinks Campbell should consider resigning. "There's other people in the community who would lose their jobs based on a DUI conviction," she said, "so I think that he should seriously consider it."

But some students were sympathetic to Campbell.

"I can feel for him and the mistake that he made," said Anne Murphy, a first-year psychology student, "and it was on personal time. He will have to take a lot of actions to get the respect again from the public. But I think he should remain in his spot."

Fourth-year history student Neil Evans doesn't think Campbell should step down either.

"It doesn't make him a worse premier," said Evans. "It makes him a lesser person."

Dallas Henault, president of the UVic BC Young Liberals, wouldn't comment on whether or not Campbell should resign. "This is a personal issue with the premier. It has nothing to do with the government or the party or the club in general. We support whatever action he takes."

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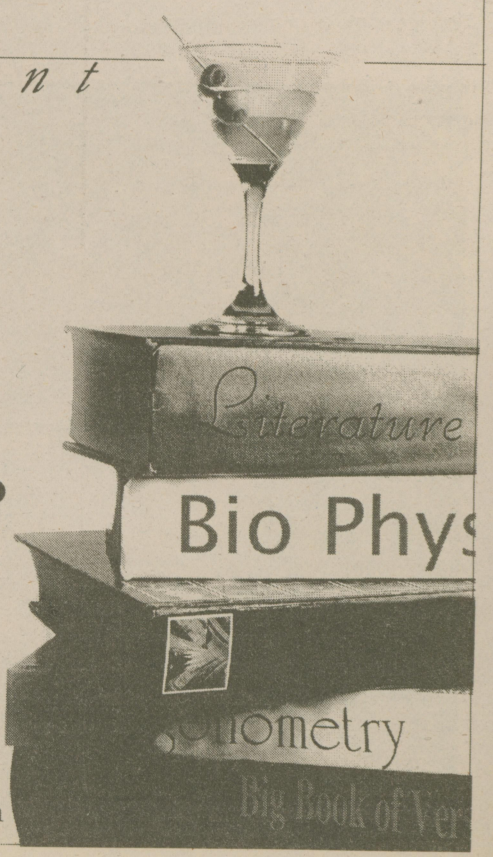

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photo by Jocelyn Beyak

Nomy Lamm wouldn't let John Thompson just be a reporter. Good thing too: we would never have known about Frank otherwise.

Badass, fatass, Jew-dyke-amputee

Getting arty with Nomy Lamm

by John Thompson

Is art a mirror that reflects the world, or a hammer that shapes it? For Nomy Lamm, the Chicago-based, self-described "badass, fatass, Jew-dyke-amputee, performance artist, writer and activist," the answer is the latter: For Lamm, art has nothing to do with sitting on the sidelines, and everything to do with fighting for a more just world.

On Friday, Jan. 10, Lamm hosted a "collaborative punk theatre" workshop inside the now-defunct nightclub, Vertigo, at UVic.

That afternoon, when I speak with Lamm, I soon realize I can't play the typical, and safest, role as a reporter: the dispassionate observer.

"You'll be participating too, right?" she asked.

"Um, sure," I reply. So much for being a fly on the wall, I think, as a dozen others trickle inside Vertigo. Soon we are sprawled around Lamm, who dresses in black except for striped white and red socks.

"It's story-time," she jokes, before laying out some basic rules: If you tend to dominate conversations, be conscientious of what you say here. If you tend to be passive, then speak up. One of our goals this afternoon is to work cooperatively together, without hierarchy.

We spend the first 40 minutes in groups, discussing why we create art. At this point, I realize the workshop spans over three hours. The reporter inside me, used to five-minute interviews and quick hits, begins glancing at my watch. Shouldn't I be spending my time hounding the UVic administration or something? But, since leaving at this point would be awkward, I stay.

In my group, our reasons for creating art range from happiness to despair, from personal therapy to political revolution. I suggest art somehow connects personal health with community building. After playing with words for a while, we boil a long and winding discussion down to concerns for the well-being of ourselves and the planet.

Other groups come to different conclusions: One dances around and screeches. Another describes butterflies with teeth. I am curious to see where the rest of the workshop will take us.

Our next assignment is to describe how we used art as children, before we were 10. We only have 10 minutes. My mind races: What did I do that was artistic as a child? Not much. With two minutes to go, I decide to describe the stories I wrote when I was a child. They always involved my stuffed gorilla, Frank, superimposed over the plots of Nintendo games I played. I can't remember many specifics, I explain, except one involved Frank wandering through the electronic jungle of the game *Metal Gear*.

Besides illustrating the fact I'm a big fat geek, I think the story shows the power of childhood imagination, and how it's bound inside the confines of a corporate monoculture surrounding us. Others in my group write a poem, want to sing, or have other stories as child-misfits, scolded for always having tangled hair and wearing party dresses. Last, we combine our experiences together as theatre. The end result is cooperative, fun, and empowering: I think everyone glows when we finish.

It is also a positive example of Lamm's anti-authoritarian politics brought into practice. When most people hear "anarchy," they tend to think of a balaclava-wearing Russian hurtling a Molotov cocktail. But our afternoon is also an exercise in building consensus and flattening hierarchy, key tenets of anarchist thought.

She admits moving from theory to practice isn't easy. But for Lamm, drama is one way to step outside and re-imagine our everyday roles in the world, to create an autonomous zone to form local struggles of resistance.

"These can be complicated ideas, too. It isn't easy," says the 27-year-old, who cites the punk scene, queer community and her Jewish background all as political influences. She first became an activist during the Gulf War. From there, she continued to make connections "between personal experience and global politics and systems of control." "I believe in the human spirit, and I believe in what we can do. I think people sell themselves short a lot," she said.

Before I leave, I speak to Lamm about my constant struggle to de-program my life, which often becomes a treadmill of work and study.

As I walk into the cool evening air, I know the past few hours were a step in the right direction.

Eye Witness

photo by John Thompson

Hey, that sign isn't stamped by administration! Someone gets cheeky in protest of recent deforestation in Cunningham Woods.

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Editorial

Tears of a clown

Enough is enough.

It's Wednesday, five days after Gordon Campbell made his "terrible personal mistake." Astonishingly, Campbell is, at the time of writing, still the premier of British Columbia.

What does it take to get rid of this guy?

Don't even get me started on that press conference he held on Sunday. Campbell had never really seemed like the sharpest tool in the belt, but that performance on Sunday was weak, even by his standards. One could describe it as a verbal tap-dance, but that would be too generous.

Nimble he was not.

As his wife shot him icy looks, Campbell did a fairly good job of sticking to the script, robotically answering any difficult questions with variations on "I have made a terrible personal mistake." He wheeled this out several times, like a ventriloquist's dummy.

So what exactly was Campbell's "terrible personal mistake?"

I once heard a veteran police officer giving a talk about fraud. At one point he told the tale of several officers who got caught up in some illegal activity and got busted.

"Bad boys," reflected the old-school cop. "Bad boys for getting caught."

One wonders, when referring endlessly to the "terrible personal mistake" if Campbell is more upset about the fact that he fired up his SUV after a night of heavy drinking, or that he got caught.

We would not dare to suggest that this was not the first time Campbell had hit the road after having had "way too much" to drink. But, gosh, it sure is a big coincidence that, the first time he did it, he got caught!

What are the odds, huh? Shucks, what a coincidence! What a spectacularly unlucky guy.

But Campbell assured us all, at his Sunday press conference, that he had "never broken the laws of British Columbia, to my knowledge." He said this twice, on both occasions adding the "to my knowledge" disclaimer. Not unlike that old Steve Martin bit about the power of the words "I forgot."

"I'm sorry. I forgot it was illegal to rob a bank."

"I have never driven drunk," one might say. "Well, y'know, *to my knowledge* – maybe I was so faced that I just don't remember!" Anyway, Gord must be the unluckiest first-time drunk-driver there is. To our knowledge.

Campbell promised to "do everything I can to re-earn people's confidence and trust." Maybe "re-earn" wasn't the best choice of words – it assumes that he had anyone's trust in the first place.

Perhaps a good way to start earning or re-earning our trust would be to not make statements that push the credibility envelope. When asked why he was smiling in two of his mug shots, Campbell tried to tell us that he wasn't smiling – that it was really more of a grimace.

Give. Us. A. Break.

Corners-of-the-mouth-turned-up-with-teeth-showing means happy.

It's a smile.

It's not an unusual expression for someone to have after drinking excessively. And it's not unusual that someone might get so drunk that they'd forget that they unleashed a goofy grin for the camera. But can Campbell possibly expect to be taken seriously after trying to deny he was smiling?

He could have at least tried to spin it somehow, like, "The police guy dropped his pants and made a funny face just before they took the picture," or "They had *Red Green* on the T.V."

Give us something – *anything* – to grasp onto here. Only don't tell us you weren't smiling. Because it insults our intelligence, and makes us very angry.

Campbell periodically turned on the waterworks, to show that he's caring and compassionate. But if this had happened to Glen Clark when he was premier, how would Campbell have responded? Would he have pointed out that this was a *personal* mistake that had happened on Clark's *personal* time?

Not a chance.

Campbell and the other Liberals would have called for Clark's head, all faux-outrage and mock-indignation.

If Campbell doesn't step down, it will be hypocrisy of the worst kind.

If he is allowed to continue as premier in the wake of his "terrible personal mistake," it will be clear that Campbell and his Liberal team can get away with anything.

If the people of B.C. let him get away with this, then we are surely the most apathetic, easily bamboozled electorate imaginable.

Editorial topics are decided on by staff at editorial meetings. Editorials are written by one or more staff members, and are not necessarily the opinion of all staff members.

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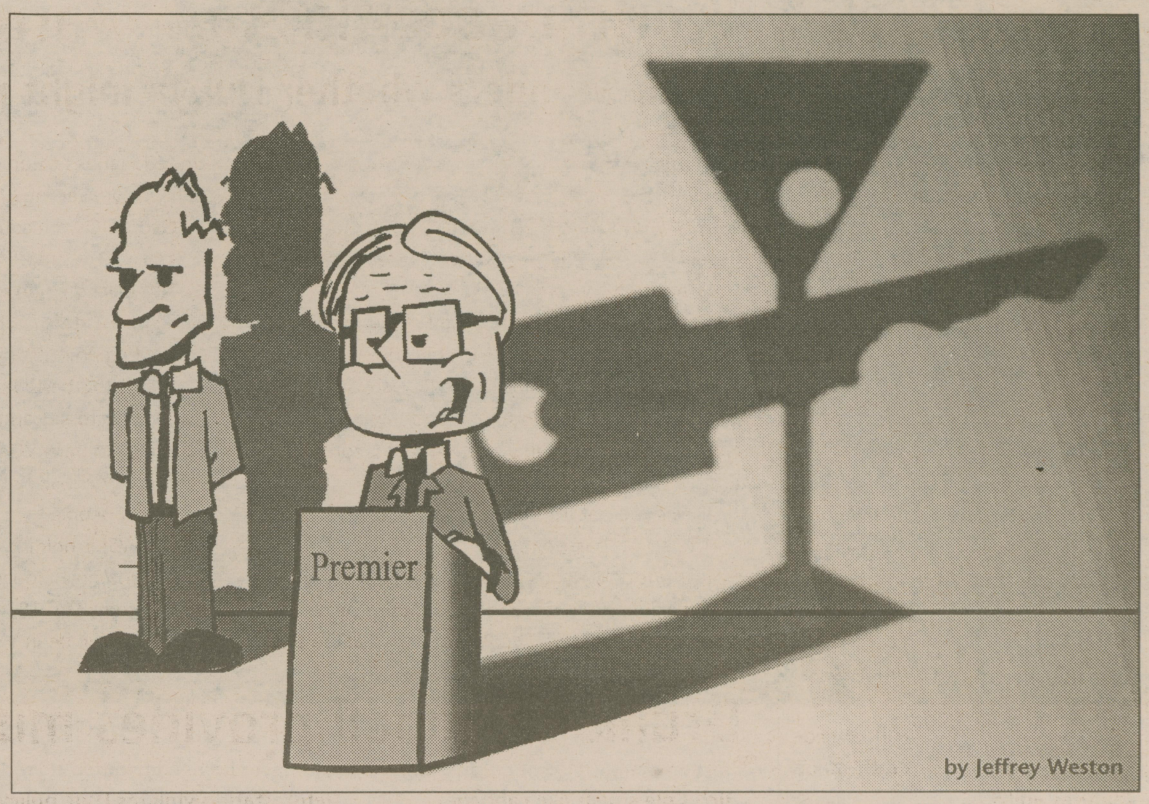

by Jeffrey Weston

"We must put this issue behind us and return to normality."

Student Voice

Gagging on political correctness

by Nikola Brabenec

After three years at UVic, I have come to the conclusion that we are all equal but that some are more equal than others.

UVic is open to diversity, as long as it fits the stringent code of diversity. Two hot topics are "class" and "gender." If you want to talk or write about them at UVic, there are certain things that you should say and certain things you should not. Basically, there is an understood "speech and thought code."

Following this code has benefits, such as higher grades in certain departments. On the other hand, not following the UVic speech and thought code may earn you one of many labels – sexist, homophobic, ethnocentric or whatever other label is needed to shut you up. If you don't think according to the UVic thought code then you must obviously be "mainstream and brainwashed."

UVic is kind of like our good friend, George Bush – "If you are not with us, then you are against us." If you are not politically correct, then you must be sexist, homophobic, patriarchal, etc.

UVic is so open to diversity that even dictators are embraced with open minds and hearts. Last year, I took a sociology course where the professor quoted the wise words of the "honourable" mass murderer and dictator Mao Tse Tung. The professor seemed genuinely surprised when I told him I thought quoting Mao with such reverence was offensive (I come from a Soviet satellite country and I have two deaths in my family connected to the communist government).

I suggested that perhaps he should quote Hitler and Mussolini as well, since he seemed to think that mass murderers and dictators were so fantastic. However, he explained that Mao "meant well." So I guess it's like they say – "It's the thought that counts."

At UVic, the thoughts of left-wing thinkers are sacred and the blood is simply washed away.

One way I entertained myself last year was to look up the salaries of my Neo-Marxist professors. I had a good laugh when I discovered that the professor with the highest salary was also one of the most "left" professors I had ever encountered.

Given the fact that there is a "radical left" hegemony in the sociology department, is it possible that professors benefit from holding to their left-wing "beliefs?" Or am I just imagining things?

Another major UVic obsession is Radical Feminism. Although I agree with many of its points, I can't help but feel imposed upon.

A perfect example of how it is imposed occurred to a friend of mine just recently. In one of her assignments, she was asked whether she identified herself as a feminist. She answered that she agreed with many of its points but that she did not feel she knew enough about the issues to identify herself as such. She received what she felt was an undeserved low mark. She told me that she felt that she was being asked to look at people as labels, rather than looking at them as people first.

This radical brand of feminism that UVic has embraced attempts to be inclusive to class, race, ability, etc. However, you'd better agree with the description that comes with your assigned label.

A friend of mine living in Russia commented on Radical Feminist writing, "There's a tendency to reduce everything down to a series of paradigms and then you end up having to shoot all the people who don't fit the schema you have set up. That's what happened in the Soviet Union. In other words, you end up replacing one injustice with another."

Often, the tone of Radical Feminists on campus is quite condescending, imposing and self-righteous – a good example was a recent article in *the Martlet*, titled, "Dyke-o-Rama 2002." Some parts of the article seemed quite genuine, while other parts were written with the hopes of shocking people and getting personal attention, under the pretext of the "cause."

I could go on listing examples of UVic's "inclusive," "open-minded" and "diverse" debates, but I think you get the idea.

I am tired of talking in labels, of placing people in boxes; I am tired of listening to the same left-wing Radical Feminist jargon being recycled over and over.

I am tired of people not saying what they really think because they'll get lower grades or some unpleasant label. There's a serious lack of honesty and new ideas being spoken/written about in public. I doubt I am the only one who feels suffocated in this kind of mental environment.

So for fuck's sake, let's speak up!

get involved!
come to meetings
have your say in the martlet
Thursday @ 1:00
Friday @ 11:30
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[2002/2003]

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Space, dude. it's, like, *the final frontier*. **You** could fill this space. No, really; just write for us/snap photos/scrawl a few cartoons. Easy.

World peace through warmongering?

Group wonders whether Dubya might possibly be taking the wrong approach

by Mark Vardy

If you thought that the United States military is all gung-ho about going to battle with Saddam Hussein, you're wrong.

Never mind the fact that the Pentagon's goal, which it is well on its way to achieving, is to have well over 100,000 troops in the Persian Gulf by the end of this month. White House spokesperson Ari Fleischer said on Monday, Jan. 6, that George W. Bush's goal is to avoid war.

Don't you get it?

There's no paradox here.

Just put down your placards and listen to the sane wisdom of Fleischer, official mouth piece of White House policy: "The President has asked the United Nations to go into Iraq to help with the purpose of averting war."

George Orwell couldn't have not said it better.

Well, there's more than one way to skin a scud.

The local division of a global movement that also wants to avert war is planning a three-day series of events beginning Friday, Jan. 17. While George W. Bush says the best way to keep peace is to threaten war, the Victoria Campaign Against War and Sanctions in Iraq (VCAWSI) would do away with even the possibility of all that nasty killing of countless people.

VCAWSI is holding the traditional protest march from Centennial Square to the legislative buildings on Saturday, Jan. 18, at 1:00 p.m. (I don't think Campbell will be in a state to listen to any protests though. Isn't the weekend his own *personal* time?)

The Wassabi Collective will jazz up the rally on the ledge's lawn with their groovy tunes, but that's not all, not by a long shot fired from the mouth of a publicly funded cannon.

VCASWI is going to bookend the rally with a placard-making session, an all-ages concert/open jam at James Bay's White Eagle Hall, workshops and lectures.

It all starts on Friday, Jan. 17, at 2:00 p.m. in UVic's HSD building and wraps up with a final talk, "What's Next for the Anti-War Movement," Sunday 1:00 p.m. in the David Lam Auditorium.

The gig goes Saturday night. For more specific information on the events planned, call VCAWSI at 382-5318.

Drunk Campbell provides much-needed laughs (and other letters)

Rich Cole smells like cabbage

In Rich Cole's review of the Smashing Pumpkins' latest release, *Earphoria*, he reveals something that I've deeply suspected for a long time: Rich Cole is a big jerk.

If Rich Cole would take two seconds to take a look outside of Rich Cole Land, he would realize that Billy Corgan owns him from the dead (if Billy Corgan were actually dead), and that he (Rich Cole) wouldn't know a first-rate live/rarities album from the upcoming Chad Kroeger/Avril Lavine/Nelly Furtado collaboration.

Point Number One: In his review, Rich Cole refers to a poor-quality recording that "sounds like crackling Jiffy Pop mixed with some musical instruments." "Oh, look at me, I'm Rich Cole, I'm an international superstar record producer. The recording sounds bad, so I'm better than everyone." Shut up, Rich Cole. You drink Kokanee Gold; you have no right to criticize anyone for any reason.

Point Number B: Rich Cole refers to the Smashing Pumpkins as "possibly the ugliest band in rock and roll". I have news for you, Rich Cole, and the headline is "The Smashing Pumpkins Are Fucking Hot." James and Jimmy are sexy men, and I defy you to name one band in history with a cuter bass player. And you have no power to resist the virile nude scalp of Billy Corgan.

Point Number The Last: In his review, Rich Cole makes repeated reference to *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*. I wonder if Rich Cole has ever heard of a little thing I like to call *Back to the Future*? Despite being a vastly superior film in plot, cinematography, and direction, *Back to the Future* boasts a complete lack of Keanu Reeves. If Rick Cole won't publicly issue a statement that *Back to the Future* (*I* and *II*, *III* just blew) is superior in every way to *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*, I will personally hire Marty McFly to travel to the past and beat up Rich Cole as a small child.

Or, I guess, Marty McFly can stay in his present (1985), and beat up Rich Cole then. Or, I'll be fair, he can travel a bit into the future so that Rich Cole won't be so gratuitously young when he receives the thrashing of several lifetimes.

In sum, Rich Cole writes a mean feature, but he's an asshole.

Addendum: The Organ own you from the dead, or would were they dead instead of very rocking very sexy New Wave girls.

Ryan Rutley

Deforestation violates UVic policy

UVic Policy 6738 begins with the statement:

"The unique qualities of the University site suggest the policy statement for the landscaping: first, that the natural areas be preserved as long as possible..."

Defined as an "Operational Policy," the responsibility for its enforcement falls under the authority of Jack Falk, Vice-President of Finance and Operations.

Yet somehow Mr. Falk, as chair of the Campus Development Committee, is pursuing an agenda that directly violates this policy.

When bulldozers removed endangered Douglas Fir trees from Cunningham Forest on Dec. 27, we were led to believe that this was the only possible location for the Island Medical Building, and that the cut represented merely 10 per cent of the forest. This is an insult to the intelligence of university community members. Surrounded by lawns and parking lots, our campus could accommodate twice the number of students without resorting to deforestation. Not to mention the possibility of capping development at our Gordon Head campus and shifting the focus toward a UVic Downtown Campus.

Despite the doublespeak of university administrators, campus development is proceeding with no regard for ecosystem protection. A new engineering building is being planned for what remains of Cunningham Forest, and yet a large lawn sits vacant on the other side of the present engineering building.

Clear-thinking engineers, committed to long-term planning, know where their future building is best located.

Mr. Falk and President Turpin have demonstrated a regrettable disregard for the concerns of university community members, pursuing a blind development agenda. It's time UVic practices what it teaches, and commits to Covenant Protection of UVic's forested areas, preserving for future generations what is now the largest unprotected Douglas Fir ecosystem in urban Victoria.

Faculty members must abandon the 'bunker mentality' and demonstrate leadership on this important issue.

Ben Isitt

The smoker you drink, the player you get

Thank you, Mr. Campbell.

So many people have had their lives turned upside down by the Liberal government, except the rich. I sometimes have difficulty sleeping because of stress. Sometimes it's hard to find something to laugh about.

Thank you, Mr. Premier. You made my day.

David Nash

Warnica needs a hug

In reponse to Richard Warnica's letter of Jan. 9, there are no doubt others nauseated by the Extreme Kindess Tour. I'm sure there are others who just as cynical and interested in finding the most negative take on something. Sure these four local guys may be media savvy and perhaps even pursuing a career as celebrities. Personally, though, I haven't read their minds. And even if they are after fame, I don't really care what their motivations are.

Perhaps some of the random acts seem like they accomplish little more improvement of the world than simply making someone else feel good. But unless I'm mistaken, that's exactly the point of "paying it forward": that these things add up as long as people keep passing it on. And some of their acts are not totally slick and glamourous - such as getting rid of a big bag of garbage for a homeless man. The Extreme Kindness guys' actions speak for themselves. If they are pursuing a book and a TV show does that make their message irrelevant?

Perhaps Richard is concerned that if these guys ended up with a TV show it might displace some of the high quality educational reality TV that will really make a difference and improve the world such as the one with 20 Barbie-doll women vying to marry one guy they are decieved into thinking is a millionare.

Trevor Murdock

You've always wanted to get involved with *the Martlet*.

You just needed an excuse.

Now you have one.

This semester we are publishing three special issues. We need your help. We need your expertise. If you have knowledge or interest in any of these subjects, drop by the office (**SUB B011**) or e-mail us (**martlet@uvic.ca**).

We want people to write, take photographs, or just give us ideas for the following issues:

Technology issue – Feb. 13

Women's/equality issue – March 6

Global village issue (environment, science, war/peace, sex and more) – March 20

Sleeping late & Riding Hard

a series of road-trippin' jo

story by Rich Cole
photos by j. beyak & Stewart Wood

On the highway, I was at the dividing line between the east of my youth and the west of my future
– Jack Kerouac, On The Road.

10:05 – UVic Cluster House

Holy crap, I'm so hungover. Waking up two hours late, my head pounding from last night's mix of draught beer and shooters, I'm facing a realization: I gotta drive home and see my biking buddies today.

When I say driving home, I mean taking a ferry and then driving five long hours to Hickfuck, B.C. – otherwise known as Fish Appendage, Salmon Arm or whatever you wanna call it.

In an attempt to keep my sanity, I've started this road-trip journal.

11:10 – Departing from Swartz Bay

After dodging in and out of traffic like O.J. on the run, I made the 11 ferry and headed straight upstairs to the ship's restaurant.

I ordered the "Sunshine Breakfast."

Big mistake.

As I write this, a single runny egg on toast is peeking out from behind a layer of yellow hollandaise sauce. Yikes, I think it just blinked. Nevertheless, this is not the first time I've ever been engaged in a staring contest with my breakfast. There was a time when I started every morning in some cheap-assed roadside restaurant, eating one-star brunches.

A few years ago, after working almost a year of hell at this high tech firm's "job of a lifetime," I quit. Or, to use their geeky tech lingo, I couldn't hack it and deleted myself.

I'm not sure if it was the long days I spent creatively neglected in front of a computer troubleshooting the same shit, or if it was that damned movie *Office Space* I watched almost every night.

In any event, I left my job, instead of ripping off the company or smashing the hell out of my computer.

Out of work, I didn't do the obvious and look for a more suitable job. Nope, much to my mother's dismay, I dusted the guilt off my mountain bike and started riding.

Without a job for the first time in my life, I rode whenever I wanted, wherever I wanted. And fuck, was it great. While everyone else was at work, I lived off my savings, sleeping late and riding hard. It was a period of both self-indulgence and self-revelation.

It was in this phase that I met some of the dudes I'm on my way to see. With similar delinquent backgrounds, and one major goal – riding – these guys slowly became my family. But this did not happen overnight. As with most underground cultures, these guys didn't warm up to strangers easily.

Extreme sports have both the talented athletes and then the wannabes who have no talent but say "gnarly" a lot. Fortunately, there's one easy way to weed out the posers: take them out riding.

Jobless, I'd been bumming around the local bike shop between rides. And after a few months, the shop race team invited me on a ride, basically to see if I was a big poser or not. I accepted the invite with a cool, "Ya, sure," and then went home and panicked.

It was my big chance. I had to ride well. Desperate, minutes before the big ride, a brilliant idea hit me.

Beer, I thought.

I need beer.

I rushed to the fridge, and instead of filling my Camelbak with water, I emptied half a dozen cans of beer into the plastic bladder. Then I strapped the complex carbohydrates onto my back, hopped on my bike and pedaled off for my judgment.

I met up with the riders, and we started up the trail. Warren, a professional-ranked biker, started hammering ahead and I decided to try and keep up, to prove my worth. The two of us pounded up the dusty trail, Warren drinking water and me drinking my secret weapon, beer.

The liquor numbed my legs and I pedaled on beside him. We reached the summit trailhead. When the others caught up, Warren gave me the wave I'd been waiting for.

"You're riding well, dude. Go ahead, lead us down."

Honoured, I sipped the last of the foamy beer in the Camelbak. Fuckin' A, I thought. This beer is rocket fuel.

I jumped on my bike, looked down towards the steep descent and hammered on the pedals. Unfortunately, at this moment the beer decided to hit me.

My eyes blurred as I started down the steep single track. I veered to the left. I veered to the right. Then realizing I was going way too fast for my drunken reaction time, I hit my brakes. However the beer also affected my grip and I locked up the front wheel when I grabbed the brake. My bike endo-ed and I supermanned over the bars, not even 10 feet from the other riders. Mid-air, I heard one of them yelling, "Holy fuck, dude!"

I landed in some dark bushes and with loud cracks, a few branches cradled my fall.

"Are you okay?" another rider asked.

"Ya, I'm okay," I replied, face-first in foliage. "I didn't really feel the impact. I just finished a whole Camelbak full of beer."

"Holy fuck. Camelbak full of beer?"

"No wonder," Warren laughed.

Another guy shook his head and said, "Ha, I've never seen such shitty riding in all my life. Dude, you are one crazy fucker."

After laughs, Warren took the front. With my ego deflated, I didn't lead the rest of the ride. But after that ride, whenever the shop riders would go out, they'd always give me a call. And so it began.

12:28 - Entering Tsawwassen

Right now I'm in my truck, waiting for the ferry workers to let me off the ship. Those dudes have gotta hurry up. I'm gonna hurl if don't get off this boat soon.

I feel like hell. The hangover, the nasty eggs and most of all the rough seas are not faring well on my weak stomach.

I always get lost in Tsawwassen. I've been lost on that road so many times. The highway is the ultimate symbol of my jobless biking days. I knew that the directions were there laid out for me, but I didn't want to look. I wasn't interested in calculated routes that would show me the way, whether in the form of a road map, or the career map my parents and guidance counsellor gave me.

These were goals from a previous generation, not my own. For better or worse, I knew that the secret to my happiness would only come from me following my own path.

2:26 – At a PetroCan in Chilliwack

Finally in Chilliwack. I got lost – took the scenic route, passed some farm fields but managed to stay away from the U.S. border. The radio just said that the Coquihalla is covered in snow, so I bought a couple of sandbags for weight. I also bought some wholesome road food: pogo sticks, jerky and pepperoni. Hopefully I won't get stuck on the snowy highway and have to ration these greasy eats and burn the burlap casing of the sandbags for heat. Oh well, I guess that would be justice. I owe the road everything.

One day, still not working, a buddy and I were driving around scoping out possible trick items for a new trail. We passed a huge tire in the ditch but I didn't think much of it. Adam, on the other hand, started freaking out, yelling "Holy shit, dude," and whipped a 180 on the middle of the Trans-Canada.

We pulled up beside the huge tire, and he said, "Dude, this tire will go perfect on the trail." We got out of

Sh-sh-should have s-sent a poet... Rich Cole enters a break in the space-time continuum (just outside Salmon Arm).

...mal excerpts

the truck, let down the tailgate and walked over to inspect it. Together we managed to get the tire upright and realized that it stood a few feet above our heads.

"Ya, dude," I said. "This is gonna be great to huck air off of."

We rolled the tire to the truck and tried to lift it into the box, but the weight seemed too much for us two spindly mountain bikers. Then, to my horror, while pondering if we should just leave the tire, I saw red and blue lights coming right at us.

"Oh fuck, the cops," I yelled.

"Busted," Adam said. We weren't sure where the tire came from, but we both knew that it was probably some semi's lost load, and worth some good money. The police cruiser pulled up, and a frowning constable got out of the car. He walked up to us, gave us a nod and said, "Need a hand with that boys?"

Adam gave me a devilish smile, and said, "Yes please, officer. Can you help us push this into our truck?"

"No problem," said the cop. "Glad to see that someone actually cares about beautifying our highways."

"You bet," said Adam, trying not to laugh. "We've all gotta do our part." After a few minutes worth of struggles, the two of us, plus the cop managed to get the tire in the now sagging back of the truck.

"That's one biiiiiig tire," said the cop, dusting off his hands.

"You bet," said Adam. "Thanks for your help."

"Anytime boys," said the cop, walking back to the cruiser. "Have a good day, and make sure you go straight to the dump with that."

He got in his car, drove off and Adam and I exchanged a few high-fives, and made our way to the trail with the huge tire. Thanks to the cop, we managed to transplant the tire onto one of the raddest trails in the Okanagan.

A few years ago, still very much wasting my youth, I entered the ultimate bike race. Called the "Test of Metal," this ride boasted 70 kms of off-road riding, with the sickest climb in bike racing. Known as "Bonk Hill" to the Squamish locals, the last seven kilometres to the finish was steep, rough terrain with no breaks.

On the five-hour road trip to Squamish with my buddy Craig, who only decided the day before to go, I kept hearing him laugh and say, "Dude, I only trained one day for this and that was yesterday. Ha!"

With half a cow's worth of beef jerky in our bellies, we made it to the race site and had just enough time to get to the line.

The starting gun went off and a few hundred riders began to bottleneck into the trail. I lost Craig early, and ended up riding by myself the whole way. I felt okay until Bonk Hill, and then I ah... bonked. Hard. I ate my last energy bar and then, desperate for energy as my body was assaulted by the steep terrain, resorted to licking the powerbar wrapper when other riders weren't looking.

I managed to finish and with rubber-legs I staggered through a huge crowd of people, searching for Craig, but no sign yet. Waiting at the finish, rider after rider would reach the line but still no Craig. Finally, a few hours later, I looked towards the finish line, and saw Craig's helmet bobbing slowly over the hill. Tired from the past 69 kms he was off his bike, pushing it up the hill.

But, wait. Craig looked back, got on his bike and started to pedal again.

"Right on, Craig!" I yelled, impressed that he wanted to ride out the last few hundred feet. Then I saw why.

Over the hill appeared a man – honest to God – with only one leg, impressively propelling himself up Bonk Hill on a bike. Craig looked worried as his eyes focused on the finish, pedaling like a mad man. He barely managed to finish first. Out of breath, he hunched over his bike and said to me, "Damn that one-legged man, he was fast. Fuck, I need a beer."

5:04 – Coquihalla Toll Booths

Okay, here I am stuck in the biggest traffic jam ever. As far as I can see, ahead and behind me, there are cars – and snow.

So much snow. This road is nuts.

God damn my buddies and their "come home for a ride, college boy" blackmail.

This is like some crazy version of MTV's *Road Rules*. Well kinda like the T.V. show – minus the Winnebago, the token relationship squabbles, the acid-wash jeans and the plaid. Okay, maybe it's not like *Road Rules*. But there's a road and I'm stuck on it.

Last summer, on the way home from a race with a few biking buddies, we stopped at these same tollbooths to stretch our legs. A few of the guys, bored from too many hours in a car, began to push each other around. The others got into it and began to taunt them. With screams of "pile-driver" or "tag me" we all picked sides and began to brawl. For at least a half an hour, as pointing onlookers drove by in their mini-vans, we wrestled on the grass, rumble style. These were the times that made a life away from mainstream worthwhile.

It wasn't just the biking. Those days were about road tripping and crazy times that came with it. That was the moment I knew I'd never be able to go back to a real job. As I lay on the grass, at the summit of the Coquihalla, out of breath from WWF, writing the experience down in a journal, something that I had always done, I realized that I needed to pursue a career where I could experience things at all costs.

Holy shit, I thought, I'm gonna be a writer. I just knew. It was that easy. I applied at a few schools and waited to hear back.

6:45 – Kamloops Shell station

Okay, I managed to make it past that clusterfuck of a traffic jam and I'm scoffing down some real fine dining. God bless Taco Bell. I'm about an hour from home, out of the snow and back in my riding territory. I passed a few road-bikers on the way. Fucking roadies.

There's only two kinds of cyclists. Roadies and off-roaders. A few summers ago, my buddy Pete and I, both proud off-roaders, challenged some "road-geeks" to a race. The idea was to pick the steepest grades in B.C. – Lillooet to Whistler – and see what the spandex-wearing guys were actually made of.

We found three road-bikers at the shop and drove to Lillooet. As soon as we got out of the truck, Pete whipped off his jeans on the side of the road, and said to the roadies, "Check these out boys, just like your spandex."

Strutting around the mountain highway in his bright green G-string underwear, Pete definitely gave us the mental edge. The roadies gave sick remarks as Pete kept the banana hammock on and put his baggy mountain bike shorts overtop.

But talk is cheap.

Once on our competitor's turf, they tried to drop us. The roadies would speed up and slow down, trying to wear us down. We stayed in contention and faired well on the steep mountainous climbs. However, the rain started and, not dressed for the cold, I entered into mild hypothermia as the roadies pulled out their rain gear. Cold and delusional, I fantasized about crashing my bike so I could sleep in the ditch.

Then, about 60 kms into it, Pete suffered a bad crash when one of the road-bikers he was drafting hit his brakes, causing Pete's tire to rub.

I watched my buddy hit the asphalt at about 50 clicks.

Barely even looking back, the roadies took off towards Whistler, leaving me cold and delusional and Pete bleeding on the highway.

We found our way back to Lillooet, starved from the thousands of calories we had just burned, and biked through the A&W drive-thru before going to the hospital. The two of us then limped into the hospital, with repairable physical damage, teen burgers on our faces and, most painfully, with deflated egos from a bunch of spandex-wearing roadies.

Yet even at that shitty moment I never thought about a return to the high tech firm. Real life experiences had forged their way into my blood. A few days later I found out that I was accepted into the writing program at UVic, and I couldn't wait to start a new chapter in my life.

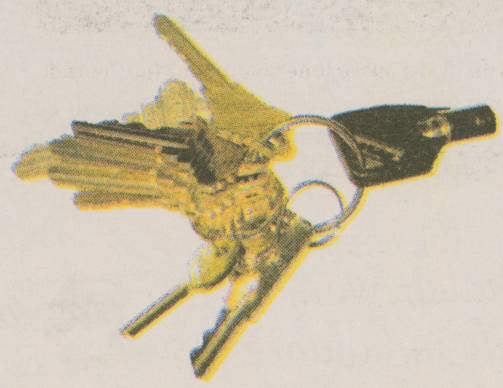
8:14 p.m. – Roadside Pullout - The one on the B.C. Driver's Licence

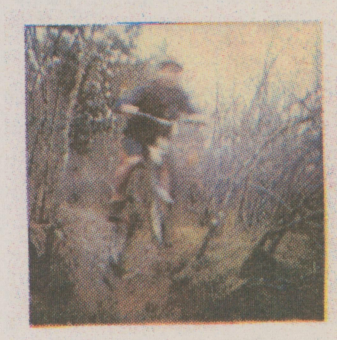
Okay, here I am at the last roadside pullout before home. I just compared the picture on the B.C. driver's licence with the view. Pretty cool. In just a few kilometres I'll be back drinking beers and riding my hometown's gritty single-track. Also cool.

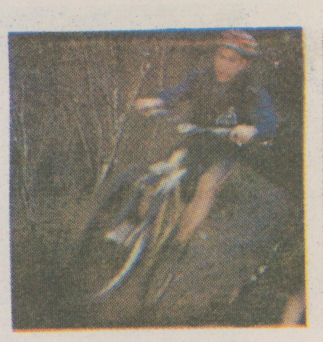
Will I stay at home? No. It's not because I'm back in university to pursue the writing thing. Nope. Even if I did quit school, I couldn't recreate the past. The fellow delinquents I used to ride with have also moved on to pursue their own paths – some to school, some to jobs and some are still road-tripping. We all have different priorities now, but those memories – call them wasted youth or the path to enlightenment – will be with us for the rest of our days.

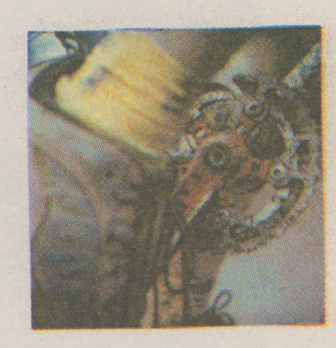
Biking has shown me one fundamental truth. Every kilometer down the trail is a better and more deserved experience. Yes, those were awesome times, but the best still lies ahead.

Okay, I gotta go.









Keep it cool: *Time after Time* gets lost and found with Chet Baker

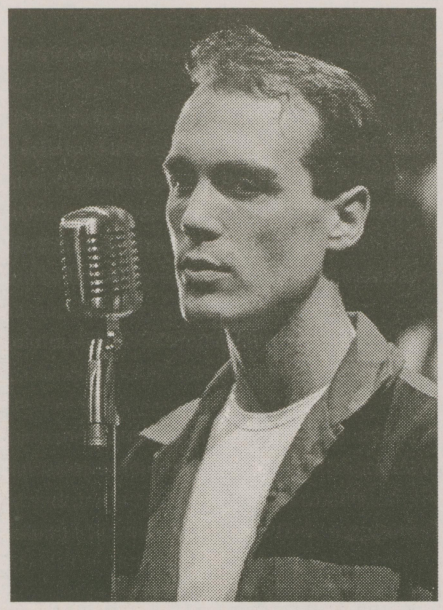
by Sarah Petrescu

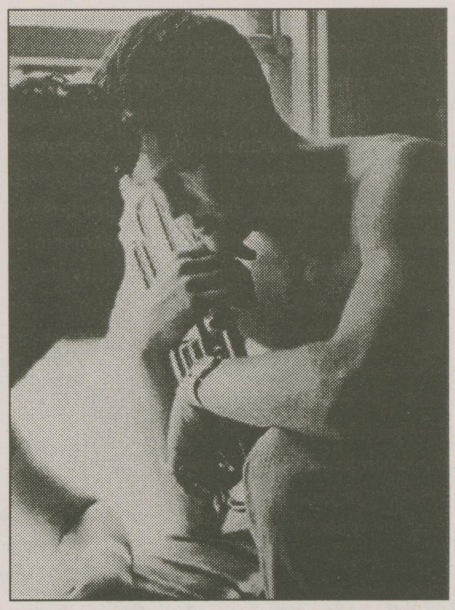
Jazz icon Chet Baker had it all. In the late 50s, by the age of 23, he had fled his humble Oklahoma home to take the West Coast jazz scene by storm. He was soon crowned the prince of "cool jazz." He was loved for not only his clear smooth style of trumpet playing and singing, but also for his good looks and enigmatic air.

Baker's demise through drugs, which led to his death in 1989, has only added fodder to the mystery surrounding his character. His ability to evoke such purity and beauty through his music is an ugly juxtaposition to his destructive way of life. For this reason, Baker has remained a mythical hero, his life inspiring various interpretations.

One such recent effort to demystify Baker is the upcoming Belfry Theatre production *Time after Time: The Chet Baker Project*. The play is written by James O'Reilly and brought to Victoria by the Crow's Theatre Company from Toronto. It explores Baker's life through a narrator figure who, attempting to write a biography of the jazz icon, discovers much about himself.

"We learn about his private life, his personal life and his journey, while looking for Chet," says director Jim Millan. "What we had to do was come up with a strategy of how to use Chet."





photos submitted

Danny DePoe (left) captures the good, bad and ugly of the life of Chet Baker (right).

Baker is an ethereal figure in the play, consistent with his real-life mysterious edge. However, Millan ensures that the production does not skimp on the music.

"We do the music, which is the magic, and we also have the pretty boy – which is who everybody fell in love with," he says.

In fact, the company's largest obstacle in staging the play was finding the right man for the job.

Who would play Chet Baker?

It took two years for Millan and company to find an answer.

"Finally, a friend who knew I was looking for someone for a long time was sitting having dinner listening to someone who was playing trumpet in the background of the restaurant with a piano. He looked up and there is this good-looking kid, just playing beautifully," says Millan.

That "beautiful kid" is Danny DePoe, who plays Baker in *Time After Time*.

DePoe is a scholarship student in the jazz program at Berkeley College. At that time, he had sung a little in a rock band, but he'd never even been in a high school play.

Millan's friends told him that they didn't know if he could sing jazz, but he had the chops and he looked good.

"We were quite taken with him," says Millan. "I said I think I can hear the possible tones of Chet Baker in the voice. The script doesn't necessarily call for an actor. We knew we'd never find a Lawrence Olivier who could also play trumpet."

Millan asserts that they have been conscious of representing Baker much as he was in real life.

"The character of Chet wasn't expressive. He was expressive in his music. There were a few interviews along the way where he gives some insight into what he thinks jazz is. Primarily, he was a guy who was a pure player," he says.

While *Time After Time* explores the many sides of Baker's life, the play doesn't claim to provide any definitive answers. It is not a lesson on jazz or Baker himself, but rather a glimpse into the contradictions and images of an era and a man.

"As the show goes on, you both love and hate Chet for the things he did to himself. I think there emerges a kind of sympathetic view of him," says Millan. "I'd say I have a greater respect for him now."

Millan cites other attempts at explication of Baker's life and music as somewhat obsessive in their focus on the destructive side of his life.

"We try to not make the dark side of his life movie of the week," he says. "In fact, that was the only request when I spoke to Carol Baker's lawyer about the show. They said just don't make it one of those movie of the week shows about drugs."

Without doubt, it will be the jazz and the magic that will be a large draw for the production. The overwhelming success of the play in its Toronto run is indication that it will be sure to ignite similar interest in Victoria. It sold out every night and sparked a slew of rave reviews.

"In Toronto, we'd see people on Queen Street with leather jackets, slouching along and digging the jazz," says Millan. "You'd also see 55-year-olds who obviously loved this music when they were in college. It was an enormous response."

Millan claims that the play will satiate jazz lovers and theatregoers alike by immersing them into one of the most dynamic and alive musical scenes.

"People who were familiar with the jazz enjoyed it because they thought it was a legit, honest view of the creation of jazz music in this era," says Millan. "When you see top-notch jazz playing, it's exciting. It has a muscularity to it, an effort and a playfulness that you don't always get every night at the theatre."

Time after Time: the Chet Baker Project *plays at the Belfry Theatre from Jan. 14 - Feb. 9. For info call 385-6815.*

I Choose
Saskatchewan
I chose the health care field because I like people and I'm determined to make a difference, any way I can.
I know all about the pace, the shift work and the occasional heartache because people are fragile and sometimes don't recover. It's not glamorous – but I know my skills are needed and my efforts are appreciated, so I'm prepared to give it all I've got.
When the work is done, I go home to a place that is mine. It's just a short drive away. I know my neighbours. I feel safe here. There's plenty of space and clean air – and my kids go to a great school. Everything I want and need – theatres, good restaurants, clubs, parks, plenty of shopping – is within easy reach. I am part of a community.
I can afford my own home. My kids can take music lessons, skating lessons and learn how to play hockey and baseball. I have time for myself too, and once in a while, I indulge in something really special.
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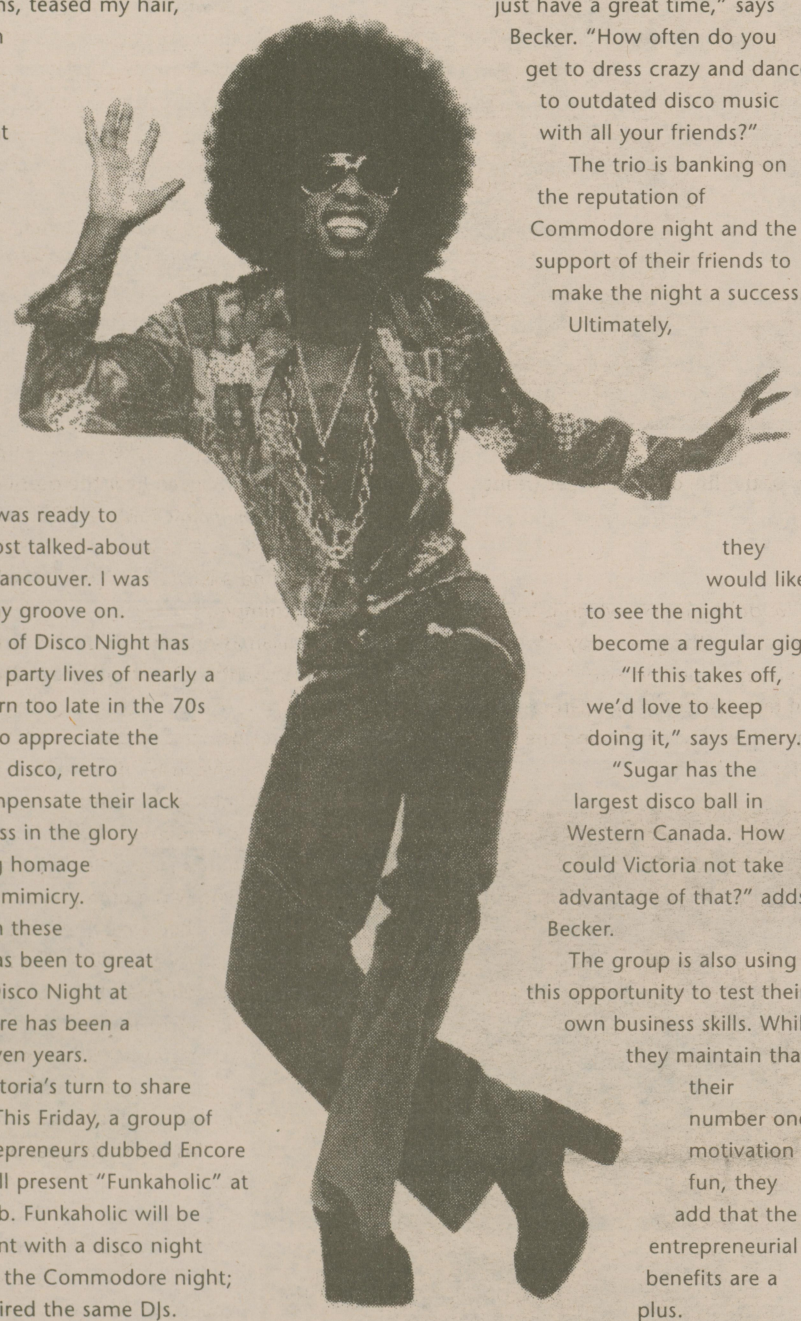
It's disco or bust with UVic party planners

by Sarah Petrescu

1994. I slipped on a skintight pair of gold bellbottoms, teased my hair, and lathered on multi-coloured eye shadow. It was Disco Night at the Commodore. It was a time when doctoring your ID required nothing more than a phonebook and a piece of scotch tape. I was ready to take on the most talked-about club night in Vancouver. I was ready to get my groove on.



The renown of Disco Night has permeated the party lives of nearly a generation. Born too late in the 70s (or early 80s) to appreciate the true essence of disco, retro partygoers compensate their lack of consciousness in the glory days by paying homage through sheer mimicry. Capitalizing on these phenomena has been to great capital avail. Disco Night at the Commodore has been a hit for over seven years.

Now it's Victoria's turn to share the limelight. This Friday, a group of emerging entrepreneurs dubbed Encore Productions will present "Funkaholic" at Sugar nightclub. Funkaholic will be their experiment with a disco night modelled after the Commodore night; they've even hired the same DJs.

Encore Productions is Jon Becker, Scott Emery, and Tayhler Paul. They are all UVic students and are vehement about throwing a good party for their peers.

"It's an excuse to act stupid and just have a great time," says Becker. "How often do you get to dress crazy and dance to outdated disco music with all your friends?"

The trio is banking on the reputation of Commodore night and the support of their friends to make the night a success. Ultimately, they would like to see the night become a regular gig.

"If this takes off, we'd love to keep doing it," says Emery. "Sugar has the largest disco ball in Western Canada. How could Victoria not take advantage of that?" adds Becker.

The group is also using this opportunity to test their own business skills. While they maintain that their number one motivation is fun, they add that the entrepreneurial benefits are a plus.

"We're all college people. If we can pull in a little cash to at least pay for our drinks that would be cool," says Becker. "This kind of experience helps you get some kind of direction. We are all trying to figure out what we are doing."

Becker points out that the group has a special advantage over other full-time promoters. "We're young, we're dynamic, and we're within the target market – we know what we want," he says.

The group cites the lack of UVic support for student events as part of their motivation to create some fun for their peers. Both Emery and Becker have been active in pitching party ideas to the UVSS to no concrete response. They feel somewhat disillusioned with their ambivalent treatment.

"Every university in Canada has a successful club," says Becker. "Vertigo is an incredible venue. They've got to let students try to make something of it. Think of the benefits to the university to have a bar that was making money."

The trio hopes that with the success of Funkaholic, they may be able to expand their party planning opportunities - possibly including UVic venues. They are confident that their night will be a hit.

"There will be cheap sauce and all the funk you can handle," promises Emery.

Funkaholic is Friday Jan. 17 @ Sugar Nightclub. Tix are $8, available T-F at the UVic fountain and at the door. Ticketholders will receive a 15% discount at Funkytown and Sequenx.

A Savage look at the American Way

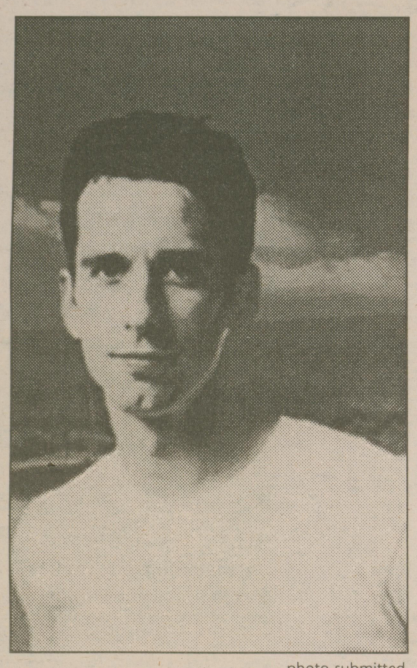


photo submitted

by Suzanne Beaubien

Everyone's favourite sex columnist will visit Victoria this week. But don't expect Seattle's Dan Savage to talk about fisting or foreplay or drop witticisms on being a gay dad. Rather he'll criticize American culture by reading from his new book, *Skipping Towards Gomorrah*.

Savage, 38, has both amused and angered readers for 11 years with the publication of his weekly sex and love column "Savage Love" in 70 papers across the continent.

In a biting reprisal of American former federal judge Robert Bork's socially conservative book *Slouching Towards Gomorrah*, Savage unravels what he sees as the hypocrisy in an American media that promotes a right-wing agenda.

Bork's book, published in 1996, advocated censorship, the rollback of reproductive rights, and the enforcement of sodomy laws. In reading Bork's book and others like it, Savage says he is a masochist. But to combat those right-wing writers and radio hosts he hates, Savage trots out what he sees as the most fundamental document in defining the American way of life: the constitution. Savage writes, "It seems to me that if 'Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness' were such a big, fat, fucking mistake, then our wise founding fathers would have realized it in the 11 years that passed between the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the first meeting of the Constitutional Congress."

"If we aren't free to pursue our own version of happiness, then the first two items on Jefferson's wish list are without meaning. Life and liberty do us no good if we can't employ them – or waste them – in the pursuit of those things that make us happy."

In addition to his weekly column, Savage has two other books in print, *Savage Love*, a collection of his favourite 300 columns, and *The Kid: What Happened When My Boyfriend and I Decided to Get Pregnant*, a memoir about his experiences adopting his now four-year-old son.

The book, subtitled *The Seven Deadly Sins and the Pursuit of Happiness in America*, takes on each of the dreaded seven and examines some aspect of American culture, skewering the hypocrisy he sees in social conservatives. Savage hits the road and attends conventions on guns and swinging, eats out and gambles, immersing himself in a variety of lifestyles that embrace one each of the seven.

Dan Savage speaks at Lucky Bar – 517 Yates St. Jan. 18, 8p.m. Advance Tickets $5 at Bolen Books

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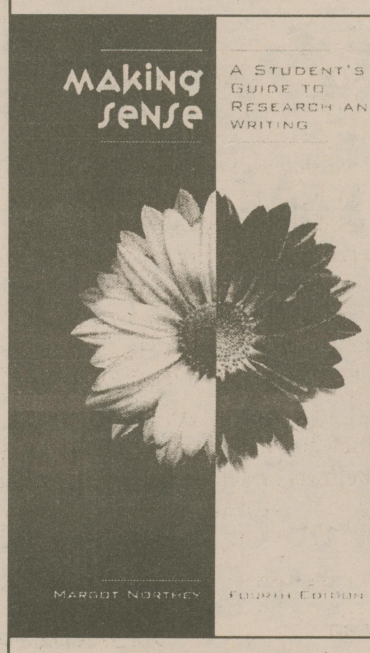

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The Lion in Winter provides uncomfortable warmth

photo submitted

Not-so-marital-bliss with King Henry II and wife Eleanor.

by Zoë Bake-Paterson

A king, a queen, three sons and a mistress are spending Christmas together in a castle. Add a Christmas tree, a lot of alcohol and set it in 1183, and like so many family gatherings during the holidays, it's the makings of a disaster.

Aside from a small Christmas tree, a few presents and such comments as "Well, what shall we hang? The holly, or each other?" James Goldman's play *The Lion in Winter* is more about human relationships than the holiday season.

It is the story of King Henry II and his wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine, arguing over the heir-to-be of the throne. Each favour a son and want to achieve their own goals. The three boys vie for attention, each hoping to be chosen for succession while the mistress badgers King Henry about whether she really matters to him or not.

Full of stinging humour and wit, this play verges on being too clever for its own good, because there is a never-ending flow of retorts.

"Of course he has got a knife. We all have knives. It's 1183 and we are barbarians," says Eleanor of Aquitaine.

Although this makes for witty dialogue, the poignant moments between family members, breaking the routine of sarcasm and plotting, bring an emotional reality to the play and reveal the compassion that comes with the bonds of family. This mildly serious side allows for a great self-awareness in the characters as they look at their lives. This is especially true of Henry and Eleanor as they look at their lives and at their relationship with each other – or lack of one, seeing as Eleanor is locked away in another castle for most of the year and is only brought out on holidays.

It is a heartwarming play, but don't be fooled into thinking it is gentle.

The Lion in Winter is all about scheming, and with scheming comes scandal. The possibility of bedding a sheep or having an affair with the father-in-law are just a few of the suggestions raised.

Director Judy Treloar remarks that it is a play where "the humour, passion and politics are all fast and furious." This becomes very clear through the strong leading performances by Paul Terry (King Henry II) and Sylvia Rhodes (Eleanor of Aquitaine).

This play is the perfect remedy to a cold winter's evening, when you are looking for good cheer. A light-hearted look at the ambitious, amorous and amoral interactions of a royal family.

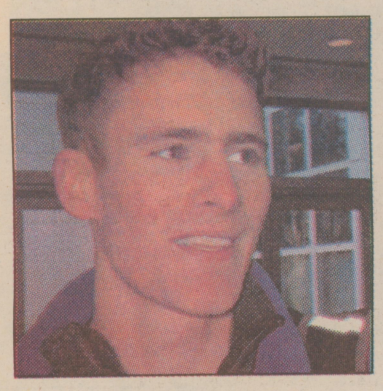
The Lion in Winter *runs Jan. 9-25 at the Langham Court Theatre.*

on the spot

Where's the best place on campus to have sex?

Cunning linguist: Robin Platts
Dominatrix: Jocelyn Beyak
Sloppy seconds: Morton Simcoe

Welcome to the Cunningham Building. Morton has been expecting you.



Nick Rowe
3rd year Engineering

Nick: The bathroom beside the Computer Store.
Morton: Is that from experience?
Nick: Not yet. I'd like to try it.
Morton: What is it about it that makes it ideal?
Nick: It's quiet.
Robin: Does it have a lock on the door?
Nick: No lock on the door. Oh. Sorry. I have a better place. There's a locked bathroom in this building *[Engineering Lab Wing]* that's perfect for that. And with a shower.
Robin: With a shower? No way! Where is that?
Nick: It's just over here.
[*Nick leads the* Martlet *threesome to the bathroom.*]
Robin: Alright. Excellent. Unless it's occupied. Shower! Man, that's cool. Engineering people think ahead.
[*They sneak a peek inside.*]
Wow! Check this out.

Randy Bara
3rd year Engineering

Randy: I heard a story that there were two Korean people doing it in Clearihue.
Robin: So were they doing it in any particular washroom in Clearihue?
Randy: No, no. Just, like, a study room. You can do it there, like, no problem. Just close the doors and write in chalk on the outside that you're having sex, and you'll be all good. No one will disturb you.

Robin: Wow! In Clearihue!
Randy: And if you're studying also write down *having sex*, and no one will bug you.

Deanna Dryhurst
Biochemistry graduate student

Morton: Any stories you've heard? Any rumours you've heard of places, buildings, washrooms, bushes, study corrals?
Deanna: Well, I don't think I've heard of any places.
Morton: Have you put much thought into it?
Deanna: No. Not really. But there's a bed in the basement of the Cunningham Building in the female washroom.
Morton: It's in the washroom! Really?
Deanna: Well, it's not really a bed. It's sort of like a cushy bench. The thought has crossed my mind.
Morton: So every building seems to have this little...
Deanna: Love nook.

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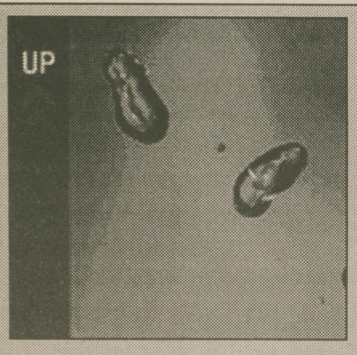
Is that why there are so many instances of the word "fuck" in this week's paper? Maybe. Maybe not. You tell me.

To celebrate this venture into orgiastic expletiviation, we're giving away the new compilation CD by Canadian white rapper Snow. Just tell us how many times the word "fuck" appears this week. Heh.

previews...reviews...previews



Peter Gabriel: Rock Music Savior
Peter Gabriel
Up
Real World/Geffen

by Cam Walter

Given pop culture's current fascination with over-sexed rappers telling us to take our clothes off, and pre-pubescent riot girls screaming as if they were stimulating and new, it's comforting to know that artists like Peter Gabriel are still causing ripples in the music industry.

On his latest album, Gabriel continues to prove his relevance. Fresh off a 10-year hiatus (his last outing was 1992's *Us*), Gabriel returns to the fore with the brooding, pensive *Up*.

From the electronically charged "Darkness" to the somber "The Drop," *Up* is startlingly original, and well worth the 20 bucks.

The opening assaults of "Darkness" and "Growing Up" set the album's dark tone.

Gabriel has stripped away much of his worldly sound and built layer upon layer of electronic ambience. The album progresses to the gospel-like sounds of "Sky Blue," a collaboration with label-mates The Blind Boys of Alabama, and the sobering "I Grieve" from the *City of Angels* soundtrack.

The album's high point comes in "The Barry Williams Show," Gabriel's satiric poke at the world of trash television, where he muses: "did you see those leather lovers/all tied up to the chair/did you catch those child molesters/no one else goes there/what a show."

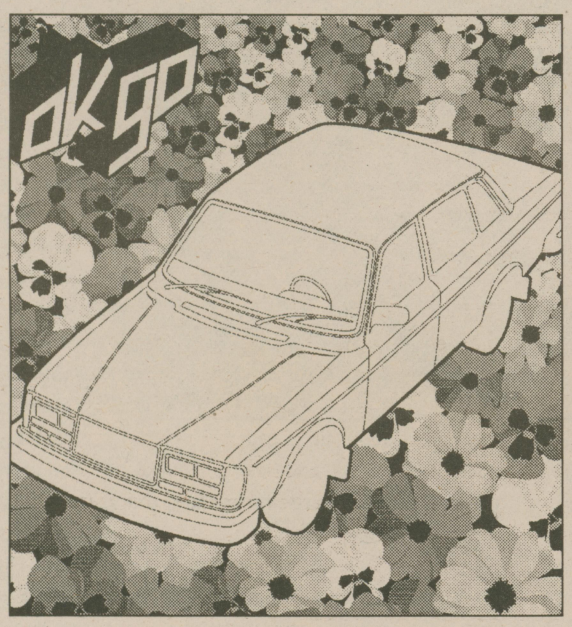
The album closes with "Signal To Noise," a duet with the late Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, the sole connection to Gabriel's world music leanings.

Up showcases how much of a musical pioneer Gabriel is. He has stripped away the glitz. There is none of that clichéd "back to the roots" bullshit.

He has instead taken that which has brought him past success, combined it with a completely new electronic sound, and tweaked it. He has reinvented himself, yet retained that style that is so distinctly Peter Gabriel.

The timing of this album is impeccable. *Up* will appease those rabid Gabriel fans who have waited the long and torturous decade without new material, and please those new to the sounds of the former Genesis front man. *Up* has come at an important time for rock music - a time of revolution and re-invention. Rock needs an icon and a guiding hand, and Peter Gabriel is just that.

A special service announcement: Ok Go fuck yourselves!



Ok Go
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by Mark Samcoe

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c/o Ok Go

Dangerous Mind skimps on the confessions

by Tim Holloway

Confessions of a Dangerous Mind is definitely a movie I'd recommend to my friends. Although often dark and slow, the dull angst gives the comedy credibility. The film is based on game-show legend Chuck Barris' "unauthorized autobiography," by the same name, about his double life as a television producer and an assassin for the Office of Diplomatic Security.

Confessions takes you on a bizarre tour starting when Barris (Sam Rockwell), is failing with the opposite sex. After a barfight, Barris meets Jim Byrd (George Clooney) who offers to teach him how to defend himself – something Byrd says might come in handy, since Barris is getting his ass kicked. About this time, Barris creates *The Dating Game*, which is at first too raunchy for TV. Then someone from the CIA (Robert John Burke) shows up to help Barris convince his contestants of the seriousness of FCC regulations. Burke does an amazing job, with energy and facial expressions rivalled only by Jim Carrey.

Although *Confessions* as a whole hinges on the tension between CIA agent and television producer, this moment in the movie is my favourite for both intensifying the conflict and making it laughable. Drew Barrymore plays Barris' gullible girlfriend Penny and Julia Roberts plays Patricia, a fellow CIA assassin.

Rated R for sexuality, violence and coarse language, the film's the most offensive material is the revelation of where Barris hides the microfilm and way too many frames of him standing naked in front of an old television. So if the thought of seeing snippets of *The Gong Show*, *The Dating Game* and *The Newlywed Game* makes you nostalgic, be warned: this movie isn't that innocent.

George Clooney made his directorial debut with this film, shot mostly in Montreal. Charlie Kaufmann, the penman behind *Adaptation* and *Being John Malkovich*, crafted the script. Providing mood through faded colours and enough plot knots to keep you guessing, these two work to hold the audience's attention close.

Not at all a date movie, I would nonetheless recommend seeing this show with someone you don't really know: It's a great conversation stimulator. Buck Wolf of CBS says that Barris at the age of 73 still won't elaborate further on his past as a spy.

If none of the above appeals to you, you can always watch and wonder whether Barris was really a CIA agent and whether his confessions are fact or fiction.

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CH University of Victoria

Injured athletes put strain on UVic athletics

by Ruth Knoop

UVic is losing its athletes.

For many varsity teams, this year has been wrought with injury and adversity.

The Vikes men's basketball team has several injured players "riding the pine" for the remainder of the season.

Fifth-year veterans Regan Daly and Jason Crawford will end the season where they've been for the majority of the fall semester: off-court.

Daly, a guard, suffers from bilateral Achilles tendonitis. He admits it's difficult to be missing out on what he considers "a huge part of my life," but knows it's necessary.

"I developed [tendonitis] during training camp," Daly says, "and it just got progressively worse, to the point where I couldn't run or jog anymore."

In October the team doctor informed Daly that he would be sidelined for at least six weeks. Six weeks turned into three months. Daly was forced to rest for the first eight weeks, with no basketball activity.

"Tendonitis requires a lot of rest," says Daly. "The whole reason this occurred was that my flexibility wasn't very good, which caused my calves to be really tight."

Daily leg massages by athletic therapist Christa Mullaly at the UVic sports clinic helped rid Daly of scar tissue, and yoga classes helped him to increase stability and flexibility. As for medicine, he initially took some anti-inflammatories, but nothing else.

In December Daly finally stepped back on the court. Unfortunately it wasn't with the basketball team. After his initial recuperation, he decided it was in his best interest to sit out the rest of the season, though he's quick to say that he's over his injury now.

"It's rough," he says. "It was going to be a big year for me. I was captain of the team."

He remains optimistic. "Next year will be my last, and I won't lose this year of eligibility."

In the meantime, while he cannot contribute on the court, Daly is still a valuable asset to the team.

"I come to practices and games, and talk to them before the game and during half-time. I encourage the guys and try to lead by example." That includes many hours spent at the gym perfecting his shooting and other skills.

According to head coach Guy Vetrie, the team has adjusted well.

"It is difficult to progress at the level we wanted," Vetrie says, "but the other players have stepped up. If you let it bother you, you will go crazy. You have to move forward."

The team has had to make a few adjustments in their original goals for the season. In September, the team's goal was to host playoffs. Presently, that goal has changed from hosting them to making them.

Basketball isn't the only varsity sport plagued with injuries. Men's rugby also had to say good-bye to flanker David Psutka after he suffered a concussion last fall.

photo by Ruth Knoop

Psutka, now practicing, but unsure when he will return to the game.

Post-concussion syndrome differs from many athletic injuries, and little can be done while suffering and recuperating. Unlike Daly, whose schoolwork was not affected much by his injury, Psutka ended up missing three weeks of school.

"I suffered from a lot of headaches and dizziness," says Psutka. "In the beginning I mostly slept a lot. I ended up having to drop one class."

Although his head and cognitive state is more stable than before his injury, Psutka says he still feels the effects of his injury.

"Right now I am doing light exercise, but even when I am running, I still get headaches."

As for medicine, Psutka has refrained from taking any.

"Some athletes will go to a psychiatrist for antidepressants or muscle relaxants," he says, "but I don't need those right now. Those are for more severe cases."

Psutka is uncertain of his future this season.

"Right now I'm practicing with the team," he says, "but I haven't made up my mind about playing. The earliest would be in March."

So where do players like Daly and Psutka go while attempting to recover from an athletic injury? For nearly 10 years, UVic has had a Sports Injury Clinic located beside the McKinnon gym. Athletic therapist Christa Mullaly is employed solely for the varsity athletes. Not only injured athletes, but also healthy ones attend the clinic for preventative maintenance. Ankle and knee injuries are the most commonly treated malady.

Mullaly uses an active rehab approach, which consists of manual therapy and exercise. There's also a mental aspect. Although she's not a sports psychologist, she has taken some courses, and realizes its importance.

"A lot of athletes will talk about problems and how they are feeling during therapy," she says. "I do my best to listen and give advice. I try to be a friend, but keep it on a professional level."

And, while Mullaly does not prohibit the use of supplements, she cautions use of it by athletes for fear of banned substances found within.

What about other injured UVic students looking to ease their ailing bodies? The Ian Stewart Complex has a physiotherapy clinic available to students, faculty, and the general public. The cost of this service is covered up to $125.00 on the student health plan.

On the road with the Vikes volleyball team

by Iain McLetchie

There are three simple rules to follow on a road trip with a varsity team. First, always have a meeting place in mind for when teammates are going off on their own. Second, always have plenty of players available to play in case of injuries. Third, always believe you're better than the team you're playing against, and play like you are.

Now, these seem like simple rules, but they often are troublesome to follow. Case in point, regarding the first rule: When one takes multiple vehicles to a volleyball tournament in Kelowna, as the Vikes men's volleyball team did last weekend, there is a good possibility that they will get separated en route, particularly when traversing the Coquihalla at night.

The aforementioned UVic team struggled in this regard and, as a result, one vehicle spent an hour waiting at the toll-booth, while the other vehicles spent an hour and a half waiting at the Okanagan tourism centre. After much gnashing of teeth and murmurs of dismay, the team was reunited before heading into Kelowna. The blame fell squarely in the middle, with everyone understanding that mistakes do indeed happen. And so a four-hour ride – okay a six-hour ferry-and-drive trip – not-so-quickly morphed into a nine-hour sojourn. Life went on.

Rule two, that of having sufficient players in case of injury, was followed extremely well. The loss of middle Dillon Johnson, who went down in the second match with an ankle injury, was assuaged by the fine substitute play of Bob Bayntun and Dan Casey. Meanwhile, a back injury placed setter Derek Weibe on the sidelines, but Skoo Jepsen emerged from the doldrums to quarterback the squad with steely precision.

After rolling through pool play with a spotless 3-0 record, the Vikes had the honour of playing the University College of the Fraser Valley, a team in its first season of intercollegiate volleyball. An easy 2-0 win was highlighted by Jepsen throwing himself buttock-first into the scoring table while trying to kick an errant pass back onto UVic's side of the court. He was fine, and the team (okay, the coaches) got a hearty laugh at his expense.

The win set up a semifinal match against the Okanagan University College. After a few stuff blocks and a couple of ace serves, the young Lakers squad was thrown completely off their game. Come to think of it, that may have been accomplished after Brett Lockhart hammered their setter in the head during hitting warmups. The poor lad retreated to the bench in a hurry, sitting down for a couple minutes to shake the cobwebs out. His play from then on was shoddy at best and the OUC team couldn't overcome it, as UVic rolled to another 2-0 victory.

And so, for the second year in a row, the UVic Vikes were playing in the final of the Snowfest Invitational volleyball tourney. Unlike the year before, when they spanked SFU 2-0, the team would face a Kelowna club team comprised of former university and college standouts. The opponents age and skill brought rule three into play. Actually, their extremely well-struck jump serves and high-flying front row attack did the trick, as they won the first set fairly easily against a meek and accepting UVic team.

However, at that point, rule three stopped getting blatantly disregarded and began receiving some respect from the UVic lads. The team realized they could play at the same level as Kelowna, blocking well at the net, hitting better, and getting a little cocky, to boot. They won and set up a winner-takes-all third. Full of intensity, with neither team giving in and settling for second place, the score was tight with Kelowna eking out a tight 15-13 victory.

And so, fairly content with their second place finish, the lads prepared for a long ride back to Victoria, hopefully understanding that a team's mental approach to a game is just as important, if not more, than physical preparation. Rules one and two can always be taken care of, but rule three is the toughest one to follow.

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UVic 48, SFU 55

Men's Field Hockey
UVic 4, United Brothers B 3
UVic 4, Jokers B 2

Stress-filled days:

UVic coaches have more to worry about than just wins and losses

by Luke Lin

A vicious tornado is blasting through Brian Cheng's office. Well, at least that's the way it appears, judging by all the information spinning in his brain.

To say that Cheng, head coach of the Vikes women's basketball team, is busy is a huge understatement. But is he stressed? The second-year coach laughs – to a certain extent.

"There is definitely stress related with this job, but coaches have to be aware of it," says Cheng, who's married with one child. "Coaches have to be able to manage it [stress] and have to be able to diffuse it if they want any sort of longevity in their sport."

Coaches are often stressed by the pressure to win, but Cheng can accept losing under certain conditions and isn't necessarily concerned with the final score in games. Winning and losing are mostly just functions of how well his team works.

"If your team doesn't have the skill but they play hard and together, they will be successful even if they're not winning games," says Cheng. "I don't see winning as a pressure, but what's stressing is the various job titles a coach entails."

From the outside looking in, coaches are just coaches – nothing more. But as he describes, a coach also takes the role of a father/mother, counsellor, friend, mentor and administrator.

"You name it, the coach does it," says Cheng.

In addition, he dedicates many hours to the arduous task of recruiting potential players, which often takes endless hours of persistent courting.

"Every year we're always talking to about 10 kids, and with each kid we call them roughly for an hour every week over 40 weeks," Cheng says. "That's over 400 hours and this isn't even including all the e-mails and personal visits."

He is also responsible for acquiring his own scouting information on future opponents. This includes contacting opposition coaches to exchange game tapes.

"In each week of preparation (for a game), I'm looking at 10-12 hours of tape-watching and preparing a scouting report on one team," says Cheng. "And that's providing I get a tape. I must spend an hour each week coordinating a tape exchange with other coaches, and another hour facilitating the [sending and receiving] with the courier service."

So where does the stress factor in?

"You [as a coach] have to make sure you get the tape early enough because if you get it on Thursday and the game's on Friday, you're not going to have time to prepare," says Cheng.

A typical work week for Cheng consists of arriving in his office at about 9 a.m. and not leaving until 8 p.m. He says most of his stress is caused by a lack of resources and time for the amount of work that needs to be done. Compared to some top level Division I schools in the U.S., where head coaches have three or four full-time assistants, an administrative assistant, personal secretaries, and video coordinators – Cheng and other Canadian university coaches appear overworked.

Fifth-year guard Lindsay Anderson says she definitely appreciates the time Cheng dedicates to getting the team ready for competition. She also says it's obvious when her coach is stressed.

"You can definitely tell by the atmosphere at practice," says Anderson. "Practices are more uptight and you can see that something is going on."

Even Canadian legend and former UVic men's basketball head coach Ken Shields admits he endured his share of stress while coaching the Vikes in the 1980s, despite his team's seven consecutive titles.

"In hindsight, there was huge stress," says Shields. "You [as the coach] are putting everything into helping the athletes grow as players and competitors. You have to prepare meticulously to go out and give your best."

Shields, who coached the Vikes from 1978-1989, says he became addicted to the competition and adrenaline that went along with being a coach. Like Cheng, he spent over 10 hours a day either preparing for future games or overseeing administrative duties.

Although he isn't positive that it was the main reason, Shields speculates that the stress of coaching played a role in his two heart surgeries – the first of which occurred in 1985.

"You invest so much of yourself into coaching that it's important to stay emotionally stable – you have to make judgments," says Shields.

He adds that game days were by far the most stressful of any because that's when the adrenaline flows.

"The players will always perform slightly below what your standards are, so you have to set your standards pretty high," says Shields, who also notes the stress he felt was self-imposed.

The media in Victoria is generally supportive of its local teams – including those at the university level. Shields says that his coaching days were devoid of any media scrutiny.

Coaching did, however, cost him his first marriage, which ended in a divorce.

"It wasn't just the stress, but the travel and time spent away from each other," says Shields.

According to Dr. Bruce Howe, a UVic sports psychologist and athletic consultant, there's a relatively high divorce rate with coaches who are stressed, because of the pressures placed on the family.

"It's important to have good relationships outside that field – like a social world that looks after them," says Howe. "It's important to have a wife, or husband, and kids that are supportive of what they do so that they don't have another pressure placed upon them."

Howe adds that coaches who manage their time efficiently are usually the ones that are the least stressed. They're encouraged to have a variety of interests and hobbies that will relieve them of the stress

"Athletes will take a lot from coaches if they have a belief the coach is doing what is appropriate, so they may accept a noisy, rowdy coach," says Howe, who spent 13 years as a UVic rugby coach. "But this shouldn't involve harassment or making the player feel stupid." The ideal scenario is to have a healthy balance of command and understanding of the players.

Howe says that amateur coaches, such as those at the university level, are often stressed because many teach regular classes as well.

"Amateur coaches are classically dual-oriented, meaning they have another job that has its own life and requirements," says Howe. "How a person maintains the balance between the two components can be quite stressful."

UVic men's rugby head coach Doug Tate is not only responsible for managing the Vikes three rugby teams, but he also teaches two physical education classes each semester. "I'm very busy during the school year," says Tate, who coached the Canadian national team for five years.

A married father with two boys, Tate says he doesn't take losses as personally as before. This has reduced his stress substantially.

"The management of all the players is probably the most stressful part of this job," says Tate. "I have to make sure that all the players are not only identified but that I'm playing them at the right level."

Tate says he tries to provide individual assistance to all his players but even with three volunteer coaches, there isn't enough time to reach every player.

"I find this very frustrating because not only do I have to work with the varsity team, but also it's important that those players below get the development or they're not going to help me down the road," says Tate.

To help coaches such as Tate, reduce their stress, Howe says it's important for coached to maintain high fitness levels. This includes relaxation techniques such as yoga.

"Coaches often have to be more mentally prepared than athletes," says Howe, "because, whereas players can release their anxieties during ompetition, coaches can't do the same until the games are over."

photo provided

Vike's men's rugby head coach Tate

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Vikes women's basketball head coach Cheng

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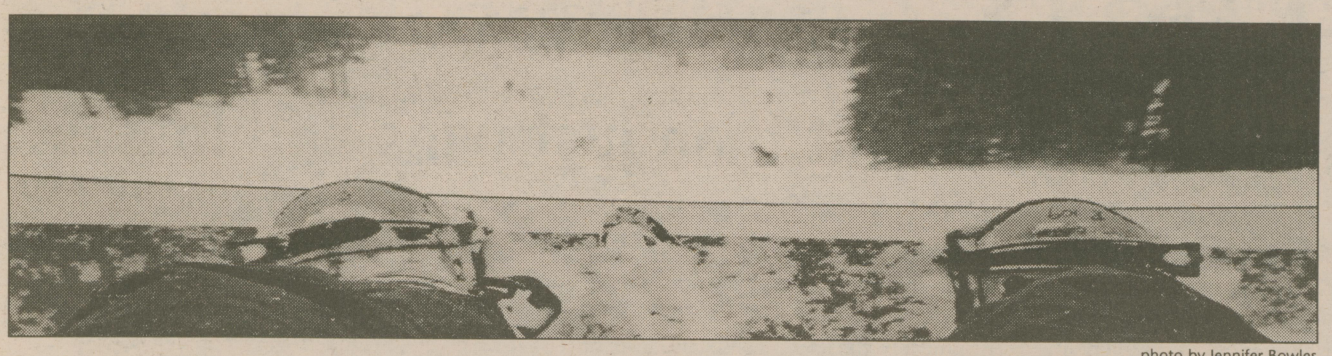

photo by Jennifer Bowles

Pre-Fat Tuesday's, Jennifer Bowles prepares for the worst as she snowboards down the Blue.

by Jennifer Bowles

My friend Emily won a trip for two to Mt. Washington with The Zone 91.3 for a day of snowboarding and beer. Coincidentally, her boyfriend, JD, won too. So she invited me and schmoozed JD into inviting her ex-boy Rich despite my efforts to persuade her to invite my new boy-toy. Thus, it was Emily, her two boys and me, off for a one-day adventure with The Zone. What follows is my very accurate description of a day in the life of four talented snowboarders.

4:45 a.m.: I'm dreaming of glistening white slopes and soft cool powder. Hindi rap filters through the trees and into my ears. I look around to see if anyone else thinks this situation is slightly strange and then I wake up. My white Sony clock-radio reads 4:45. Extremely tired I wonder what the hell I am listening to and turn off the radio.

5:15 a.m.: JD, Emily and Rich are still not here. Hmmm... The bus leaves at 5:30 a.m.

5:20 a.m.: I just phoned Emily. Apparently she slept in, and there were no van-cabs. She and JD would be here "in two seconds."

5:30 a.m.: We get to the bus on time – thank God – and are greeted by Shannon, our Zone rep, who shoves wavers in our faces and gives us a choice of tuque: red or black. Whoopee! A Zone tuque, I'll be stylin' from now on.

5:45 a.m.: I'm on the bus, next to Rich, and notice two guys to my left. They are both downing a bottle of wine. Interesting. I also notice that Rich Cole, fellow *Martlet* writer, is sitting right behind them.

8:30 a.m.: We arrive at Mt. Washington and the conditions are shit. We head up the Hawk in a blizzard. Emily, Rich, and JD ride down the Black, I plow down the Blue. We agree to meet up at 11:00 a.m.

11:00 a.m.: It is freakin' cold out and I am being blown over on my board. I can't see through my goggles so I decide to go without.

11:15 a.m.: I meet up with the gang and we trudge to the nearest cafe. Breakfast consists of a Mars bar and a Snapple.

12:00 p.m.: We decide to call it quits. Emily complains of a sore head, she fell on it twice, and JD and Rich are happy to head to Fat Teddy's, the mountain bar.

12:30 p.m.: Fat Teddy's is over-flowing with water-logged skiers/boarders. We all order chicken strips and alcohol.

1:30 p.m.: More alcohol.

2:45 p.m.: More alcohol.

3:30 p.m.: The rest of The Zone bus meets at Fat Teddy's. Emily, JD, Rich and I have been drinking for three hours. We are all totally gone and the gong show now begins. We prepare for what is sure to be an interesting ride home.

4:00 p.m.: We join a group of people who inform us that someone barfed in the back of the bus on the way up to the mountain. I decide this is a good time to start taking notes for my article. I ask Rich Cole if he knew about this Bus Barfer and he says, "I was sleepin'. Didn't hear a thing. But I saw him after and he looked pretty rough." He also comments on the 5 a.m. Wine Guzzler: "I saw some dude drinking cheap wine on the bus. Dude was drinking and looking at the hurling dude and still drinking. He was a trooper."

4:10 p.m.: Rich compares my breasts and Emily's to the Red Chair jumps. Small, but functional.

4:20 p.m.: JD stares in amazement at his "never-ending beer" and Shannon (The Zone) tells us we need to clear our tab.

5:00 p.m.: The bus ride home is getting silly. The Wine Guzzler now has eight Luckys. Rich and I are giggling, and the atmosphere is comparable to Felicita's the night after exams.

8:30 p.m.: We arrive back in Victoria, almost sober and extremely tired. The beer was great and the snow crap. But hey, I'm not complaining.

Lineups and more

This week, *Martlet* editor Mark Samcoe braves the intramural and rec crowds. Heads up.

by Mark Samcoe

Judging from the massive line of students outside the Rec Plus office on the first day of Spring term classes, you might have thought tickets for a Glass Tiger concert had gone on sale. Well, you thought wrong. Intramural and instructional program registration was set to get underway.

"Ice hockey filled up in less than an hour," says Paul Smith, director of Intramurals. Smith says registration numbers are high for all leagues and classes, which includes, as always, basketball, flag football, and a variety of dance and self-defense classes. Yoga and pilates are the trendier activities. Women's 3-on-3 leagues in volleyball, soccer and ball hockey are the latest additions to the roster.

Though selection has increased, space is limited.

"We turn away as many people as we let in," says Smith. "If I could get more ice time, more gym time, more field time and more recreational space, I could expand."

Because turf was lost to the new Continuing Studies building, currently under construction, registration spots in field sports like ultimate have been reduced, and the number of soccer teams trimmed from 40 to 24.

Numbers have been reduced since last semester to compensate for work on the all-weather field. The new turf, whose completion was reported to be by this month, won't be finished in time for this intramural season.

The benefit of the new fields, which promise to eliminate game cancellations, won't be experienced this term. According to Smith, the delay and subsequent lack of registration space is grating on participants.

"There's more frustration this term," he says.

Playing space isn't the only problem plaguing UVic Intramurals and Recreation.

"The amount of budget money from the university has decreased the last 11 years, whereas numbers have increased," Smith says. "The sad thing is that we can't meet the needs of a percentage of students."

When league play and courses begin on Monday, the mastery of a new hip-hop dance step or a last-second Hail Mary may not allay these pressing issues. At the very least some competition for the lone member of the chess ladder – some challenge, some threat – will be a welcome.

Billboards

on campus

Third year photography students present an exhibition entitled *S*, running from Jan. 20-25. The reception is on Thurs. Jan. 23, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. in the Main Gallery and Concourse Gallery of the Visual Arts Department, UVic. The exhibition will include silver gelatin prints, colour and digital prints, stemming from ideas surrounding such words as Sanctuary, Suspense, Sensuality, Siblings, Surreal, narrative Stories and more. Everyone welcome.

Ra-Ra-Rasputin! The Russian Studies Course Union invites you to a Slavonic Celebration Friday, Jan. 31 @ the I.Q. Bistro (Grad Lounge). Slavic delicacies, entertainment, Russian disco, and drink specials. Tickets $3 advance, $4 at the door. Come to our table in the SUB Wed./Thurs. during Club & Course Union Days, or contact larabrow@uvic.ca.

Society for Conservation Biology presents: "Wolves of the Great Bear Rainforest." Guest speaker Chris Darimont will discuss conservation issues regarding B.C.'s coastal wolves. Slide show presentation will start at 6 p.m. on Tues. Jan 21 in Elliot 062 (basement of building). Admission is free, and everyone is welcome!

Scotland Lovers Take Note! The UVic Caledonian Club is holding a Robbie Burns Night on Jan. 21. Enjoy easy-to-learn social dancing, haggis, live music and poetry, in celebration of Scotland's drunken national poet. Cost is $4 or potluck dish. Contact Gareth Hunter (master_or_blarney@yahoo.ca) for more info, or to provide entertainment.

Have you taught English abroad? If so, Career Services is looking for volunteers to speak at an upcoming workshop for UVic students on Teaching ESL abroad. If you are interested, please contact Bjorn Nansen at bnansen@uvic.ca

Drugs and the Law Drug Policy Forum. Sat, Jan. 25, 2003, 10 a.m. - 3:30 p.m. Room 159, Murray and Anne Fraser Building. Speakers include Keith Martin (MP), Susan Boyd (UVic), Vancouver Area Network of Drug Users, Ross Lambertson (BCCLA), and Thomas Kerr (health researcher).

Get a Jump on your Work Search!
Career Services Workshops for January, 2003.
Work Search Tactics – Wed. Jan. 15th 1:30 - 3:00 p.m.
Essential Skills – Thurs. Jan. 23rd 2:30 - 4:00 p.m.
Interviewing for Success – Mon. Jan. 27th 2:30 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.
Resumes and Cover Letters – Thurs. Jan. 30th 2:30 p.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Open to all current UVic students and alumni. Sign up at Career Services, Campus Services Bldg. Room 110 (next to the Bookstore). $5.00 per workshop. Check out more upcoming workshops and cool events at www.careerservices.uvic.ca

off campus

Victoria Citizen Advocacy Society would like to invite you to be a volunteer friend. We match volunteers on a one-to-one basis with individuals who have a development disability. Matched friends typically do those things we all enjoy, like meeting for coffee, catching a hockey game, or enjoying a walk. Consider connecting with someone as a Citizen Advocacy volunteer and find out how you can make a difference in your community. For more information, call Citizen Advocacy at 598-6786.

announcements

Student loan problems? Frustrated with government student loan programs? Let's organize to hold applicable governments, banks and other financial institutions accountable for their respective actions. Sign up, anonymously if you wish, and post your stories and concerns to various forum threads. You may also vote in polls. All visitors can read materials and access on-line resources gathered for your possible benefit.
www.abctheorists.com

help wanted

Summer Camp Counselors on-campus interviews for premier camps in Massachusetts. Positions available for talented, energetic, and fun loving students as counselors in all team sports such as tennis & golf, waterfront and pool activities, and specialty activities including art, dance, theatre, gymnastics, newspaper, rocketry & radio. GREAT SALARIES, room, board, travel and U.S. summer work visa. June 21st – August 17th. Enjoy a great summer that promises to be unforgettable. For more information and to apply: MAH-KEE-NAC www.campmkn.com (Boys): 1-800-753-9118. DANBEE www.danbee.com (Girls): 1-800-392-3752. Interviewer will be on campus Monday, March 3rd – 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. in the Student Union Building (Michèle Pujol Room).

Share your interest and enthusiasm for nature with school children. Volunteers are needed to assist with school programs at Swan Lake Christmas Hill Nature Sanctuary. This is a 2-hour commitment once a week for the remainder of the school year. For more details contact Joan at 479-0211 or email: jcowley@swanlake.bc.ca

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hey you

Hey you! Pink moped, fat head. You cut me off on ring road! Let's fight! Ninja style! Meet me at the Amps to Eleven concert, Jan. 20 @ Lucky Bar! Doors @ 9:00.

To Wildcat: You are my brother. – Jordon.

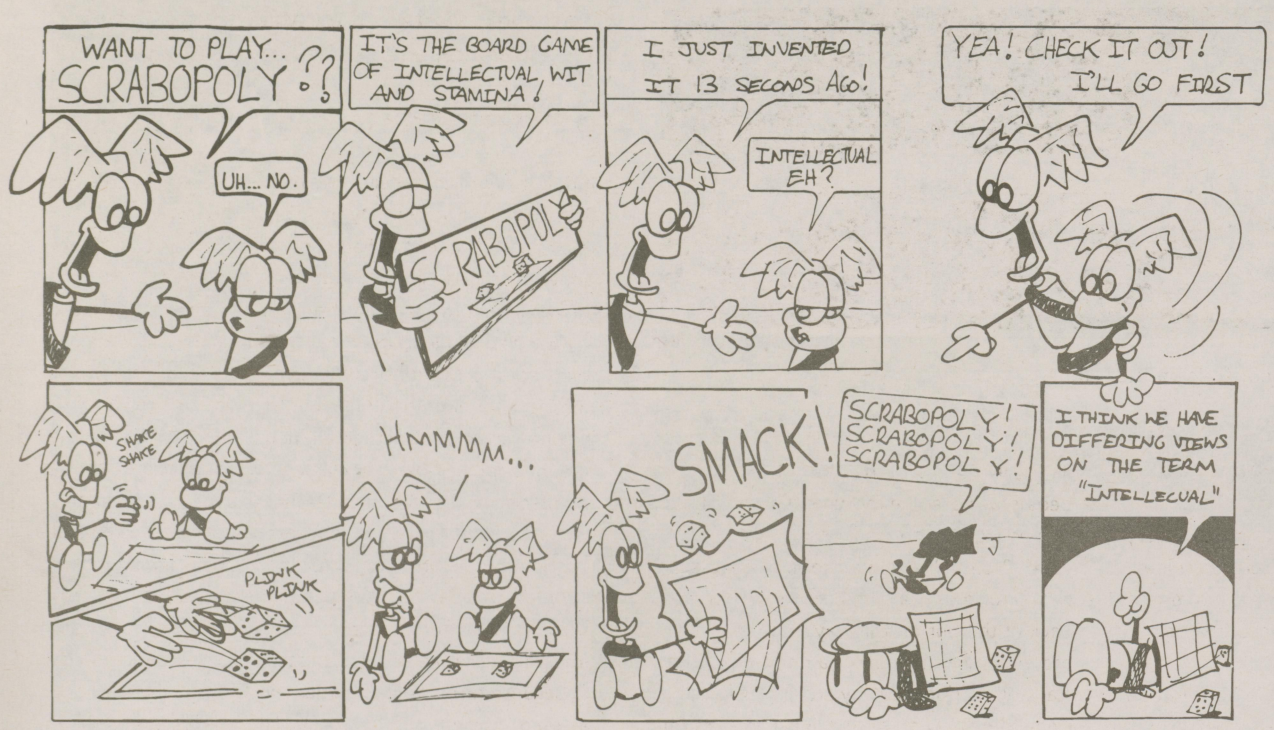
Hey, Rachel Horodezky. Summer-newspaper-deliverer save-our-asses-in-the-nick-of-time extraordinaire. It's tax time! We need to talk T4s. Call Craig at *the Martlet* at 721-8361, or email martlet@uvic.ca.

Billboard Rates

students & clubs	$2/issue
non-students	$2/line
businesses	$5.50/3 lines + $2/extra line
hey you!	free!

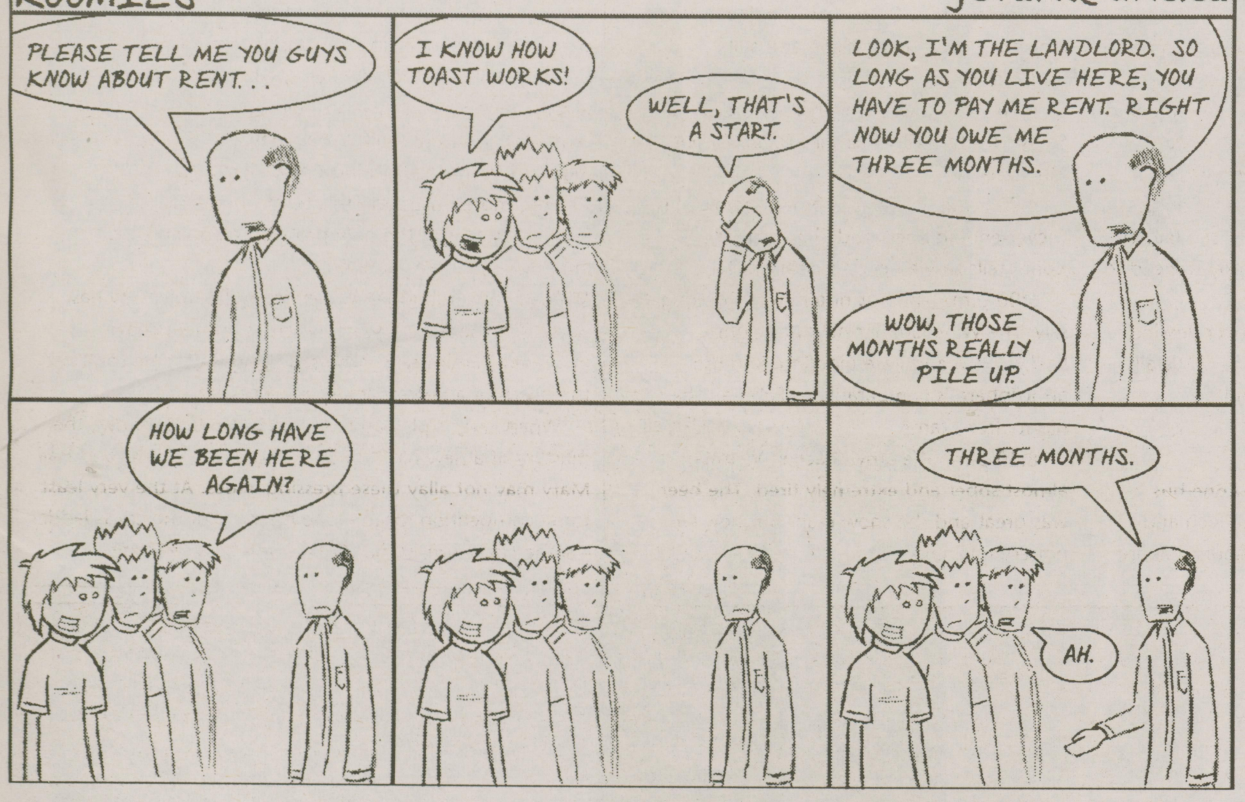
Kurtz And Gary

by Jeffrey Weston (westoons@hotmail.com)

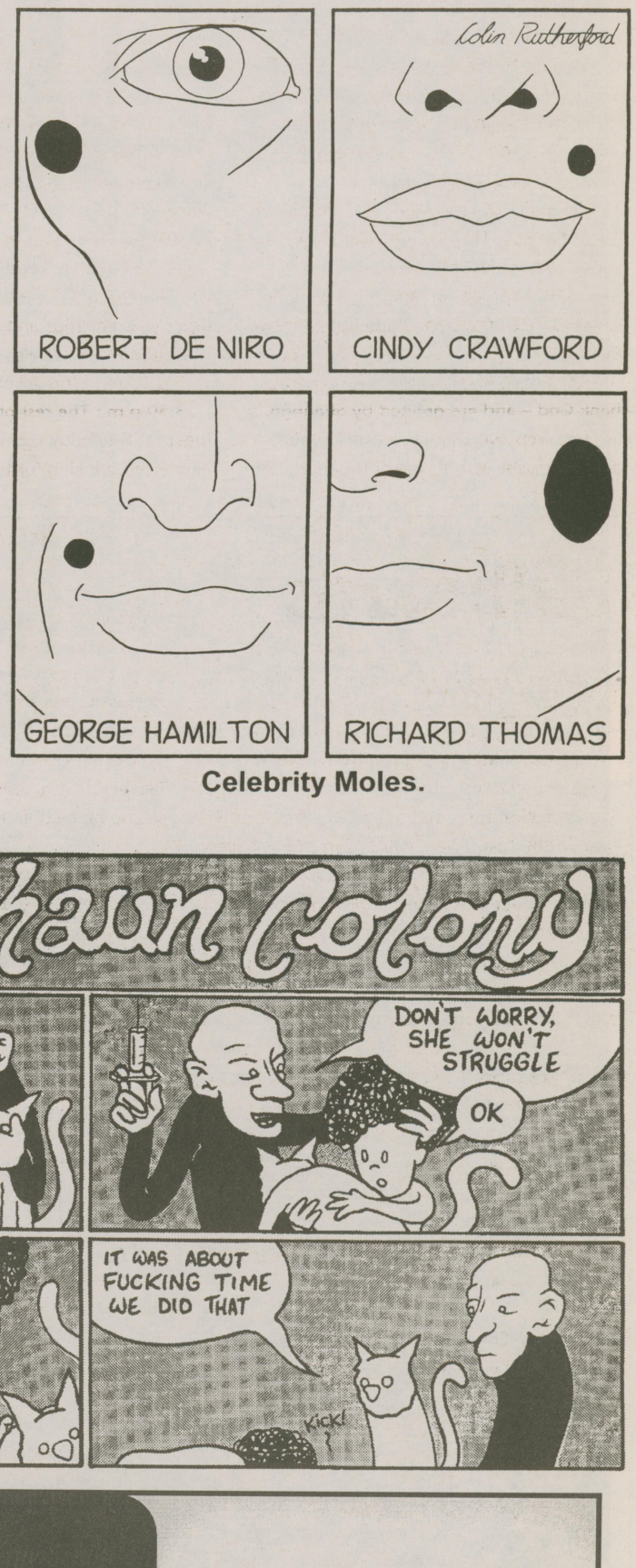


ROOMIES

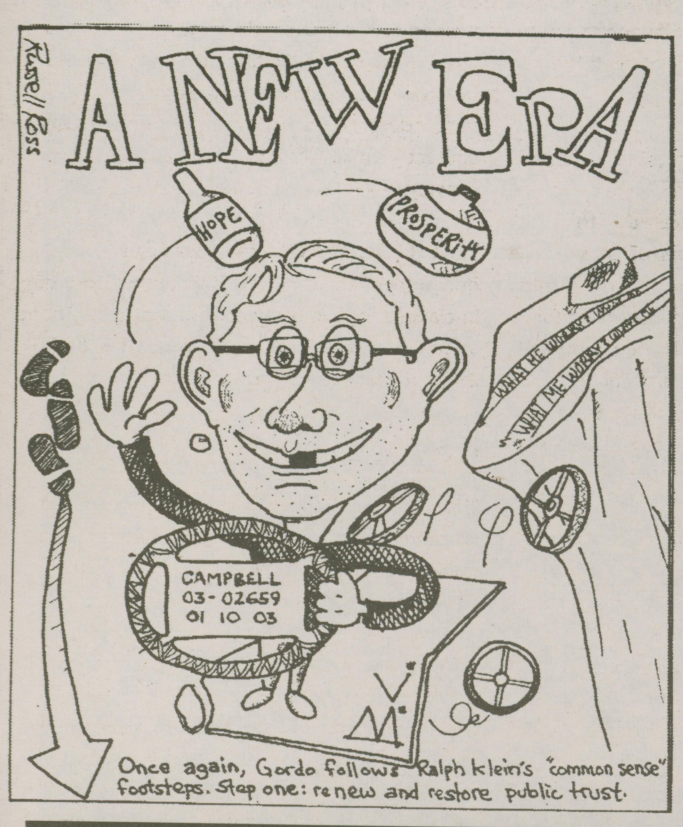
gstark@uvic.ca


PLEASE TELL ME YOU GUYS KNOW ABOUT RENT...
I KNOW HOW TOAST WORKS!
WELL, THAT'S A START.
LOOK, I'M THE LANDLORD. SO LONG AS YOU LIVE HERE, YOU HAVE TO PAY ME RENT. RIGHT NOW YOU OWE ME THREE MONTHS.
WOW, THOSE MONTHS REALLY PILE UP.
HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN HERE AGAIN?
THREE MONTHS.
AH.

SAM & FUZZY
©2003 BY SAM LOGAN.
WWW.SAMANDFUZZY.COM
MAN, I HATE THESE STUPID KIDS MOVIES.
WHY IS THAT?
THEY'RE ALL THE SAME, SAM! EVERYONE IN THESE MOVIES ALWAYS HAS TO HAVE AN IDIOTIC, TALKING ANIMAL SIDEKICK FOR COMIC RELIEF!
NOT ONLY IS IT UNORIGINAL, BUT NINETY PERCENT OF THE TIME THE SIDEKICK IS DOWNRIGHT INSUFFERABLE!
UH, FUZZY...
SHUT UP, SAM. YOU'RE MY SIDEKICK!
SLURP!



Celebrity Moles.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the Leprechaun Colony
by gareth gaudin
HI LUCY, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO HELP ME EUTHANIZE MY CAT. WANNA HOLD HER STEADY FOR A MINUTE?
OK
DON'T WORRY, SHE WON'T STRUGGLE
OK
IT WAS ABOUT FUCKING TIME WE DID THAT
KICK!

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